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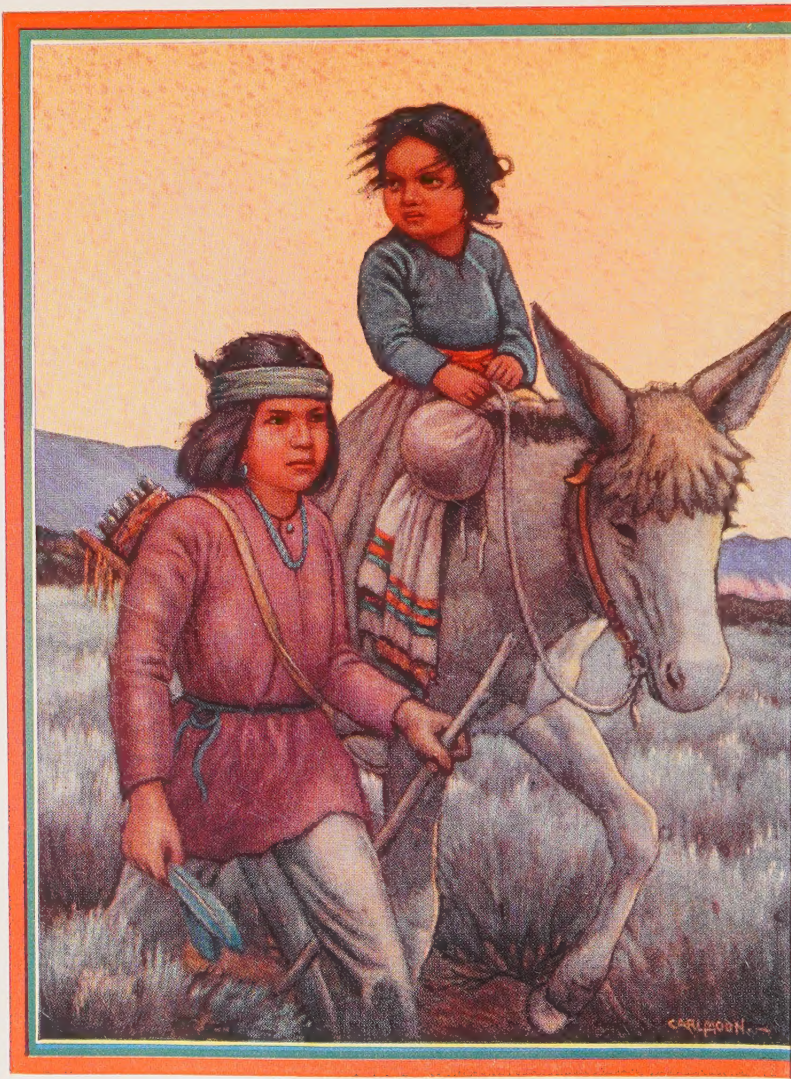
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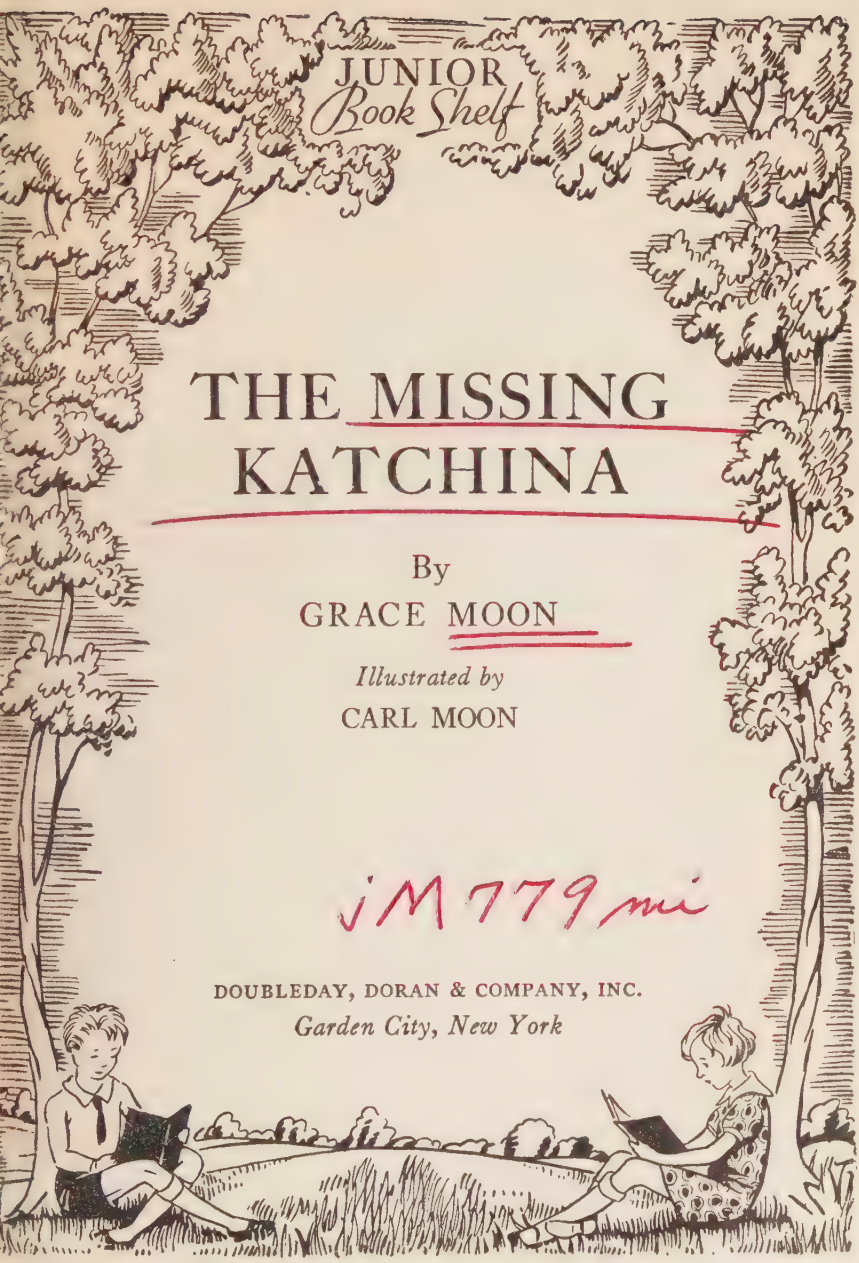

THE MISSING KATCHINA

By
GRACE MOON

Illustrated by
CARL MOON

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This book says—
"I'm looking for a friend—
And when you opened up this page
I seemed to feel that *you* were just the one.
Did you know that books can never come alive
Until they've found a friend
Who'll go with them and love them, to the very end?
It's true—and so I've chosen *you* to be that friend,
And so I'll write for you that thing they call a *dedication!*"

U. S. 859245

FOREWORD

How many times you've thought to go
To lands of far-away,
Where magic things are happening,
Not things of every day;
Where little trails lead on and on
And comrades strange and new
Teach you the secrets of their land
And all the things they do.

But now I have a better plan,
And oh, so easy too—
Within the pages of this book
I've brought them all to you!

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CHAPTER I

BEFORE THE DAWN

Look, little Brother, the Father Sun
Comes over the edge of the desert rim!
See how he paints the highest hills
With magic colors of the dawn!
See how he paints the dusty sage
With magic colors of the dawn!
See how he paints the mesa top
With magic colors of the dawn!

. . . . . .

And from the kiva, dancing, come
The Wise Ones, dancing to the dawn,
And singing to the rising sun. . . .
Day has come!

EVERYONE knows how the desert is a magic place. Things happen there that could not happen anywhere else at all. Sometimes there is reason for those things, and other times we cannot see the reason, but always there is something new. Even the little dawn wind has a song that is different,

and the smell of the sage brings a tingle to the heart and to the feet to go a-wandering after adventure on far-away trails—on and on and on.

One of those different things was happening now to Kawani up in his house on the mesa-top—but Kawani did not know it—he wriggled twice in his bed of sheepskins and pulled the soft cover blanket up over his ears. One glimpse through half-open eyelids had told him that it was still very dark, and so the sounds he had heard—the ones that had awakened him—must have been dream sounds, and he could now slip quickly back again into the drowsy country of sleep. But there they came again, more clearly than before: "Bang—bang—bang!"—on the door, and a small voice that sounded as if the lips were very close against the crack.

"Kawani—oh, Kawani! Come quickly, I have a need for you!" cried the little voice, and Kawani thought it strange that no one else in the room seemed to hear that voice and that knocking if it was not a dream thing. But now he jumped quickly from his bed and ran to the door. A very small figure was shivering in the dark outside and in the cold of the before-the-dawn wind.

"It is Yazhe," said the voice again. "A thing has

Yazhe had the look of one who has no mother to take care of her. Always her eyes were big with wonder

happened, Kawani, and I have a fear—oh, a very *big* fear—that more things will happen!"

Kawani drew the little figure into the room—such a pathetic little figure, for Yazhe had the look of one who has no mother to take the care of her (and that was a true thing). Her dress was ragged and very dirty, and her hair was in a tangled mop that did not look as if ever it had been brushed, and always her eyes were big with wonder. But Kawani knew how the dancing, happy lights could come into those eyes, and Yazhe did not ever have sorry thoughts for long; always there was too much that was exciting and new to do and to think about, and Yazhe loved much to do things.

"Wait!" said Kawani quickly when Yazhe was in the room, and he ran to the fireplace, where red cinders smoldered under the gray ashes, and he blew them into a little blaze, and added small sticks that crackled cheerily almost immediately, and then he saw why no one else in the room had answered the call at the door, for it was empty of anyone beside Yazhe and himself—his mother and father had gone.

This thing was happening in a little, very old town of gray stone built high on the top of a rocky mesa

far away in the country where only Indians live. And below the mesa was that big desert, spread miles and miles in every direction; the desert that is a world all in itself, with canyons and washes and buttes and great rocks and little hills and sand and sagebrush and mesquite; the desert of great distances and bright blue sky and racing white clouds; of crystal air and winds sweet with the tang of campfire smoke.

Always Kawani and Yazhe had lived in the desert and on the mesa top. Kawani was twelve, and tall and straight like a yucca stalk, and he knew how to hunt in the desert and to dig in the fields of grain that grew close to the foot of the mesa; he could trap small animals for food and for their hides and knew the wild berries and nuts that were good to eat. He could follow trails in the sand like a wild thing and could tell by the smell on the wind when rain would come.

Yazhe had been taught other things: she could brush out a little white-plastered room with a broom made of twigs until the floor was clean as the palm of your hand, and could shake and fold up the bright-colored sleeping blankets, and put the pottery cups and bowls neatly in a corner of the cooking place,

and bring many jars of water up the steep trail from the spring below. Those were the things that she had to do, but better than staying up on the mesa top Yazhe liked to go out into the desert. She liked to follow the little trails made by the small animals and to find many curious things there—desert plants and flowers and arrowheads, and twisted little trees, and washes made by water in the time of rains. Yazhe was very much smaller than Kawani, and to her he seemed big and strong and almost like a man.

Kawani lived with his mother and father in one room of a stone house in the queer pueblo that covered almost the whole top of the rocky mesa, and Yazhe lived with her old grandmother in a house that stood apart from the others, away out on a point of rock. The other children of the pueblo would not go near that house: they were told that many strange things had happened there—bad-magic things—and it was their half fear of the house and of her grandmother that made them leave Yazhe much alone. Her grandmother was very old, but she was wise and stronger than many young people, and could go great distances into the desert for herbs and other things of which Yazhe did not know the uses, but she was kind, and never had she spoken loud words

to Yazhe. And Yazhe did not believe, not for one moment, what the other children said about her—that she was a witch woman. Witches did evil things, and never had her grandmother done anything but good. When little dogs came hungry to her door she fed them, even if there was not enough food left for herself, and Yazhe had seen her care very tenderly for a little bird with a broken wing until it was well and had flown away again. The little children in the pueblo did not know these things, and one time when they had run after her grandmother, calling to her ugly things, Yazhe had seen the wet drops come into those old eyes, and an ache place had come into her own little heart.

But now there was not time to think of those things; now a very big other thing had happened, and the eyes of Yazhe opened wide and looked deep and black as shadows under the rocks at night look as she told to Kawani that thing.

"It was yesterday that it made a beginning," she said breathlessly. "My grandmother went away into the desert. Many times she has gone like that, and she told me this time like those other times that soon she would be back. And there was food for me in a place—piki bread. and meat that has dried in the

Witches did evil things, and never had her grandmother done anything but good

sun, and fruit and nuts—very much food; and she told me if I had a lonely feeling to go to the house of your mother the way you have told me many times to do. She went away, and I did not think that it was a strange thing—not then. But with the dark men came to me and said bad things. They said how my grandmother was a witch woman and had made a spell so that the baby of Saiya cries always—in the daytime and in the night time. I know how that baby cries, but it is not a witch-spell-thing, and never would my grandmother make anything to cry. And then other men came, and they said how my grandmother is a thief-one. They said that the great Katchina of the Rains that is always in the kiva of the Flute is gone and that my grandmother has taken it."

"That is very bad," interrupted Kawani. "If that Katchina of the Rains is gone many more bad things will happen—you will see. When there is no rain those springs will go away, and green things will dry up."

"But my grandmother did not take it," insisted Yazhe. "Never would she do a thing like that. My grandmother is not a thief-one, and besides, she wants good to come to this place, and why would

she take away the thing that makes the good to come?"

"It is the Good Spirit that brings those things," answered Kawani quickly, "but maybe so the Good Spirit gave to us that Rain Katchina. I think your grandmother did not take it, but if it is gone the bad things will come, and there is a someone who has taken it. What other things did those men say?"

"They say that maybe that baby of Saiya will go away—on the long sleep—and if that is so they will find my grandmother and make her to burn like always they do with witches."

"Oh!" cried Kawani. "That is very bad that they say a thing like that. Not ever do we do a thing like that in this pueblo—that is old-man tale talk. I think they would not do that, but did they say that they will go and find her?"

"They make talk—and talk—all this time," went on Yazhe, "but they say soon they will go and find her if she does not come back—and if she comes back they will catch her." She was shivering again as if she were cold, but the fire made it very warm and cosy in the room.

The gray light of dawn was turning now to rosy pink, and Kawani could see that the bed of his

father and mother had not been slept in. This must be a very serious matter if it had kept even his quiet mother and father out all of the night.

"And there is more," went on the shaky little voice. "When those men say things about how my grandmother is a witch woman they look with a queer look in the eyes at me; and one woman says how my grandmother has told to me all the things that she knows—spell things—and when she says that it makes a fear thought come to me."

Kawani stepped quickly to her side.

"They will not dare to touch you," he said in a voice that had shaky sounds in it, even as hers had. "I will not let them to touch you. Your grandmother is good, and we will think of a way to let those men know how she is good. We will go out in the desert if she is there, and we will find her, and she will tell to us the things to do."

"Maybe they will make it so we cannot go." Yazhe spoke in a whisper now. "I think a one came after me when I came to this place."

"If they did that"—Kawani whispered too—"they would follow us if we go to find that grandmother. We must have a great care and go a way they cannot follow us."

Yazhe felt that Kawani was speaking words of great wisdom, and she listened carefully.

"It is almost the day now," he said. "Maybe it would be good if we could find a place to hide all through the day, and then when the dark comes we will creep down the trail and try to find that grandmother—grandmothers cannot go very far in the desert; and we must say to her not to come back to this place—not until the time when they will know that she is not a witch woman."

"I know a place like that," said Yazhe suddenly, "a place where it is good to hide. Come quickly before the light is here."

And they went cautiously, without any more words, out into the street that seemed to be altogether empty at this place. It *seemed* to be empty, but there were many shadows, and Yazhe walked close to the side of Kawani and held tight to his hand.

"I think maybe all of them are in that kiva place," she whispered. "They said words of the kiva and that they would go to see if other things are gone from there. It is a very strange thing that that Katchina of the Rains is gone. Do you think maybe there is a witch woman in this place, Kawani—a one that is not my grandmother?"

"Sh—sh!" breathed Kawani. "I think there is a someone who follows"

"Sh—sh!" breathed Kawani. "I think there is a someone who follows." And Yazhe pressed even more closely to him as they slipped from shadow to shadow.

It was growing light very quickly now and the two children were clearly to be seen as they almost ran down the street. If anyone followed he kept carefully behind corners of the houses so as not to be seen, and Yazhe pulled Kawani suddenly by the arm.

"Let us run fast before they have come out of the kiva," she said. "It is to the house where I live that we go. I will show you a place there." She was panting now, and they ran as quickly as bird shadows to the witch house out on the point of rock. There was no one in the house, and it had a curious look of desertion as they ran into the doorway and shut the door behind them.

"We will be in that hide place all the day," said Yazhe breathlessly, "so we must take food."

"And a jar of water," agreed Kawani. "Where is that place?"

He looked very carefully around the room, but he could see no place where anyone might hide. The room was very bare and clean and larger than most of the rooms he had seen. A wide shelf ran around

two sides of it, with blankets folded on it, and in the fireplace were pottery dishes and a large water jar and a cooking stone. In one corner of the room stood the metate stone which Yazhe's grandmother used for grinding corn, and beside it were baskets heaped with corn and other smaller ones filled with the soft purple meal—for the corn she ground had many ears of blue and red and black.

"This is the way," said Yazhe, and she led Kawani to a much smaller room, almost a closet, that was used for storing food and other things that were not in daily use. It was dark in this place, but Yazhe knew it so very well that she moved just as quickly as if she could see plainly. There were large sacks filled with something piled at one end of the little room, and she climbed quickly onto these, with Kawani following her closely and feeling carefully with his fingers as he went.

"Now put your hands in this corner place of the wall," she said eagerly. "There are little stick places sticking out. They are not very big, but they are strong. We must climb up on them."

"We will be like chili peppers hanging up to dry," said Kawani in a very uncertain voice, and Yazhe giggled suddenly at his words.

"No, not like that," she said. "We will not stay on the little sticks. Come, and you shall see."

And he heard her working at something in the dark. He discovered the little sticks as she had told him, and when he had climbed up two of them he found to his surprise that he did not bump into Yazhe as he had half expected to do, nor did his reaching hand touch the top of the room, but he found the edge of a big square hole.

"Come," called Yazhe again in a very low voice. "Now we are on the top of the big room," as he climbed up over the edge of the hole to where she waited for him, "I will put back the thing now that goes over that hole—it makes it to look from the down there that there is no hole here."

"Did you bring that food to eat?" asked Kawani. Already he was hungry, and he had not seen Yazhe bring any food. She did not answer quickly, but he heard her working again at the hole place.

"I will go," she said then. "I know where it is, and I will come back very quickly. You wait here."

It was very black and still when she was gone and Kawani did not like to move, as he was not sure what he might find. He felt with his hands and could tell that the ceiling of the room was made of poles

with wattles woven back and forth, and he knew that on the under side there was adobe mud plastered with white pipeclay. But it was a very old house, no one knew how old, and there might be weak places in those poles that would drop him unexpectedly into the room below if he was not careful. The air was not very good either, and he could hear small scratchy sounds that might be mice or insects or—and a queer, creepy feeling went crawling down his back and made him to shiver at the thought—maybe snakes were there!

Yazhe came back after what seemed a very long time, and she was breathing quickly when she came.

"There is a someone who is coming in the street," she whispered in the ear of Kawani when she had covered the hole place again. "We must be very quiet. I have food here, but I think we must not eat it now —maybe that someone would hear. Look, there is a little crack place where one of us can look down and see who comes."

Kawani did not hear anything after that for a little while, his heart was beating very fast and seemed to make a thunder sound in his ears. But then there were voices coming plainly closer, and he put down his face to the crack Yazhe had shown him and tried

to see who came into the room. He could see only one little spot in the room, a place in front of the fireplace, and he watched that closely. There seemed to be many people who came, and they stopped just outside the witch house. Yazhe and Kawani at first could not hear the words that they said, but it seemed that there were those who had fear to come in.

"But that small one is here, the one who lives with that witch woman. With my own eyes I saw how she went into this very place," said a loud voice then, and Yazhe reached out a little hand to Kawani.

"They will not find us," he said quickly in a low voice. "If we are very quiet they will not find us here."

"I tell you how she is in there," said the loud voice again, "and it may be she makes spells against us like the spells of that old woman."

"Come out, Yazhe," cried another voice then. "If you will come out and tell us the place where that grandmother has gone no evil will come to you."

There was silence then for a little while, and then a movement at the door as if someone pushed it open and looked in.

"It is a strange thing," said the voice that had

spoken last. "If she is in this place why does she not come out?"

"Go in and get her," said another. "I like it best when we can see what it is that she does."

"The door is open," said the other voice. "There is nothing that keeps you, yourself, from going on the inside."

"We will all go at the one time," said a voice then, "and we will all see"; and there was a scuffling and scrambling at the doorway until by the sounds the room below seemed filled with people.

Kawani held tightly to the hand of Yazhe, and they made no smallest sound. He could see now those who stood before the cooking place, and one was Hah-ko, a man he did not like.

"She is not here," spoke someone quickly. "Who was it said that she was here?"

"Look closely about you." There was a sneer in that voice. "She is very small, and there are many places where a little one might hide."

And then there was the sound of moving pottery and shaking rugs, and someone went into the storage place.

"Hi!" that one called to the others. "See how there are places here to hide. Bring a light—it is black

here as the night in storm. . . . But now," went on that voice after a little while, "now not even a rat, not a cricket even, could hide in this place now that I have a light. I can see the webs made by spiders here. That Yazhe has gone some other place."

"But not away from the mesa top," spoke the voice of Hah-ko. "We have put a watch on the trail. She will not get away from here to give that grandmother warning that we come. She is like a little rat in a snare. And now we can look for other things in this evil place. Look! What I myself have found!"

There was a loud murmur from all the others then, and Kawani put his eye closer to the crack to see what it was that he was showing to the people, and he saw two feathers, bright and green, such as he had never seen before.

"Those feathers are from the sacred shrine place," cried a voice just loud enough for Kawani to hear; "from the shrine place of the Flute where was kept that Katchina of the Rains."

A great satisfaction shone in the face of Hah-ko when he heard those words.

"That is a true thing that you say," he said in a loud voice. "Only from the shrine of the Flute

could those feathers have come, and that we have found them here in this place makes a very certain thing that it was the witch woman and no one other who has taken our Katchina."

"That is not true," said Kawani half aloud. "That is not true, Yazhe, that thing that he said. I saw how those feathers were not in that room when we came. I myself saw how he took them from under his belt."

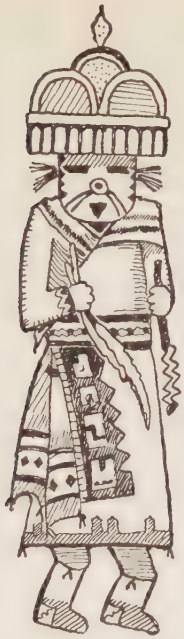
"What is it?" whispered Yazhe. "Of what thing do they speak?"

"Of Hah-ko," said Kawani. "I saw how he took the green feathers from under his belt, and now he is making them to believe that your grandmother took them."

"Hush!" breathed Yazhe. "You talk loud—they will hear you, Kawani, and they will not believe things that you say."

"It was the witch woman," said Hah-ko again. "And if she has done evil in one thing she will do it many more times. You well know how nothing but evil can come to our pueblo with that Katchina gone, and more and more that baby of Saiya cries with the witch spell that is in it."

"Why would an old woman take our Katchina?"



cried a voice then. "To me it does not seem a thing of sense to think that, when it is here in our pueblo that she lives." It was the voice of the father of Kawani that spoke, and Kawani leaned eagerly forward to hear what the answer would be. His elbow came with a sharp little crack against the poles of the ceiling and a piece of hard white clay fell with a little thud directly upon the top of the head of Hah-

ko. He looked up sharply, and all was suddenly very quiet in the room.

Kawani could see those hard eyes searching the smoke shadows in the ceiling, and little shivers seemed to go through him as he waited to see what would happen. But try as he would he could not take his eye away from that crack. He felt as if a snake were swaying in front of him, looking and waiting for the chance to strike, and he was without the power to move. Nearer and nearer came those searching eyes, and then—a thin smile came to the lips of Hah-ko, and Kawani knew that he had caught the gleam of his eye at the crack.

CHAPTER II

THE WITCH HOUSE

Over the hills the little winds
Go wandering,
In summertime and summer sun.
Over the hills my eager feet
Would wander too.

"WHAT is it?" whispered Yazhe. There was a something here that she could not understand, for there was no crack through which she could see the room below, and Kawani was so strangely quiet.

"I think they will come now," he said then, and Yazhe felt his hand holding hers very tight.

"How can they come?" asked Yazhe in a great surprise. "There is no way for them to find this place if they do not already know it, and no one knows it but my grandmother."

"They will hunt until they find it." The voice of Kawani was low, but there was a sound of anger in it.

It was still very quiet in the room below and then again came the voice of his father:

"There has been no answer to the thing that I ask," it said. "Why would an old woman like that

grandmother take away the Katchina of the Rains when that would mean evil for her people and for her very self?"

"The answer to that is a very simple thing," answered the high, very old voice of a woman, "very simple and easy. Everyone in this pueblo knows that the Yammays of the desert—that tribe that is of our enemies—has always wished to have that Katchina of the Rains. It will bring to them water for their crops and for their sheep, and they will then be as powerful as we are powerful. Now they must wander in the desert from water hole to water hole, and they have made a promise—a very old promise—that to the one who will bring them that Katchina of the Rains they will give chief place in their tribe, to man or to woman they will give it, and many fine blankets and blue sky stones. They have said it, and that is what they will do."

"Yes, we have heard that thing—many times have we heard it," came again the loud voice of Hah-ko. "For myself I am not sure that it is a true thing, but if we would get back that Katchina we must find that witch woman before she is very far away, and to find her the easy way is to make that Yazhe lead us to where she is."

Hah-ko was still watching the crack in the ceiling

He was still watching the crack in the ceiling, and there were those who looked at him curiously.

"What is it that you see?" asked someone then. "Or have you a pain in the neck, Hah-ko, that you carry your head so high?"

He pointed with his lips toward the ceiling.

"She is up there," he said, "that Yazhe. We must look until we find the way to get her to come down."

There were many voices of surprise, and some that did not believe, and a moving around in the room that told of hunting for a place that led up.

"He see things that are not true," said a voice with laughter sounds in it, and Kawani thought it was his mother that spoke. "Only rats live in the ceiling poles. There is not room for little ones up there."

"Yes," nodded another. "And besides, why should we hunt for a little one when already she has said she knows nothing of that grandmother and where she has gone?"

"But the grandmother will have ways of telling her," said another. "Grandmothers do not leave little ones alone for many days—even grandmothers who are evil. When she has found a place to stay she will send for this one to come."

"Yes, that is a true thing that you have said,

and then we will find the grandmother and maybe that Katchina."

"Already more evil comes," cried another. "See how the sun begins to burn: our green things will dry up, and there will be no water in the spring."

"Ai, ai!" wailed another. "And always that baby of Saiya cries. For many nights I have not slept because of that crying."

Hah-ko had not spoken again, and he had moved away from the place by the fire stone so that Kawani could not see him now.

"Do they come here?" whispered Yazhe. "Quick, tell me! What is the thing that they do, Kawani?"

"I cannot see them," he answered in a voice with an uneasy sound in it. "But, listen—what is that sound?"

It was a tapping that he heard, that made a noise as of someone knocking with a stick on plaster.

"Hi!" called a loud voice after a little. "There is a place that is hollow here—a piece of something that comes out!"

"Oh!" Yazhe pressed tight against Kawani. "Now they will come!"

But they had not found that square hole place. It was something else of which they spoke, and the

children held their breath to hear what it was that was said.

"Did I not say that this was a witch house?" Kawani did not know the voice that said that. "Look how it goes down into the black earth where only evil spirits go."

"What is it?" Kawani asked of Yazhe. "What place is that that they have found?"

"I do not know," she answered. "I do not know of other places like that in this house. Can you see through that crack?"

"I can see nothing now."

"Only one can go," cried someone. "The place *is* too small for more than one to go. Who will be that one?"

"Ai—ee! How it is black!" cried another. "Not me—I will not go. Maybe it is there that the witch woman is making bad magic."

"There is no one there," said another voice—very filled with scorn was that voice. "I myself will go and see what are all the secrets of this place. Give to me a light—it is black dark in there."

After that there was silence, and it was plain that those who waited listened also breathlessly for any sounds that might come.

"I think they have forgotten how we are here," said Yazhe so low that her voice was like a breath of air. "I think now they will not find this place."

"I think that too," agreed Kawani softly. "If we are very quiet maybe they will not remember. But I have a great wonder to see what is that place that they have found."

"Maybe they will tell us in a little." The voice of Yazhe was as eager as was his own. "Only I know my grandmother is not there. She said to me that she would go away and would come back after a few days; and I know that they will not find an evil thing—my grandmother has not one thing that is evil."

"It will be very good to get out into that day air again," said Kawani. "Here I feel that I breathe only dust that is very old."

"Maybe spiders are here," shivered Yazhe. "I do not like those things that are only feel things."

There was excitement now down in the room below.

"See how he does not come back!" cried a voice. "I think maybe the spirits of those dark places have caught him!"

"Hi!" they called loudly. "Where have you gone,

Tan-yah-ti?" But no answer came back that Yazhe and Kawani could hear.

"I will go," said another voice, "but I will hold the end of a very long thong. Here is that thong. If I pull two times—like this—it will be well. But if I do not pull when it is time you must send others to follow after me."

"And if the thong is not long enough?" asked another. "What then?"

"I will go only to the end of it, and if this place thing goes on after that, or if Tan-yah-ti is not there in that place, I will come back again."

Many voices murmured at that.

"It may be that there is a great hole that drops down," said one. "The thong would not hold if that was so."

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"I will go very slow," answered the other. "I have no fear"; and then his voice grew muffled and died away altogether, and it was plain that he had gone where Tan-yah-ti had gone.

"That is a very queer thing," whispered Kawani. "It must be that a place goes from that room away down into the rock of the mesa. What would be the use of a thing like that?"

"This is a very old house," answered Yazhe. "My

grandmother says how this is the very oldest house in all the pueblo. I think that hole is a thing she does not know about. Very much I would like to see what it is like."

Kawani nodded in the dark.

"When we are out of here I will find it," he said.

"Hi!" called a voice suddenly. "See how that thong has jerked two times! It is well, then. Now he will come back"; and then, in a little, came the voice of the man from the hole place:

"The thong is not long enough. This place goes on and on—far into that mesa. And it does not go all the way straight. I think it follows cracks of the rock. But when I came to the very end of that thong I called to Tan-yah-ti, and he is there. He tries to find the end of this place and what is its use. Look how he comes!"

Tan-yah-ti came into the room then, and there was a puzzled sound to his voice when he spoke.

"This place is very strange," he said. "I cannot think why a place like this is here. There is nothing in all of it—not anything but dust. It goes on—and goes on—and then it stops, with nothing there."

"Did you push on the rock to see if it would open in any place?" asked one.

"I pushed many times, and I tapped on the walls, but not anywhere was there a place that opens. One time I heard sounds, but they were outside sounds."

"I hear a sound!" whispered Yazhe suddenly, and then the corner place of the square hole in the ceiling pushed up, and the ugly face of Hah-ko came through following a lighted stick that he held in one hand.

"Ah!" he said almost gleefully. "*Two* of you! *Two* little rats that hide in the ceiling poles. Come down now and tell us what you know, and come quickly."

He pulled his head back, and the children followed him very slowly and very reluctantly.

"He can do no hurt," said Kawani in a low voice as they climbed through the hole and down to the sacks into the storage room. "Do not have a fear, Yazhe. It will be well. My mother and my father are here, and they will not let him to do a hurt to you or to me." But he did not see his mother or his father down in that room. They had gone away, and the faces that looked at them were not very friendly.

"Maybe this one can tell us the meaning of that hole in the rocks," said Hah-ko nodding toward

Yazhe as she came into the room. "She lives in this place with her witch-woman grandmother, and maybe if she will make a very hard try she can tell us where that grandmother has gone."

He pushed Yazhe roughly to the center of the room, but she kept her little lips tight shut and did not answer the questions that he asked. Her eyes flew curiously to the dark opening in the corner of the room where a piece of wood plastered over with white like the rest of the wall had been lifted out. The opening was large enough for only one man to enter at a time, and she herself wondered very much what could be its use. The faces that looked at her were of people she had been used to seeing every day of her life but now they looked at her strangely, as if never had they seen her before, and in some of the faces was even a look of fear. She seemed very small, standing in that big room, and her eyes were round and black as holes that come in old blankets that have been slept in near the fire; but she looked to have no fear at all, and the red in her cheeks was the red that was from excitement. Kawani stood close to her, and the look in his face told all those who stood there that he would fight anyone at all who would try to hurt Yazhe. But no one tried

to harm her—not then. Hah-ko shrugged his shoulders when she would not speak.

"It makes no great matter," he said. "The grandmother will come back for her, and then we will do to her as has always been done to witches."

There was a cry then in the street, and another came running to the witch house.

"More evil!" he gasped. "More evil has come to us! The bag—the blue stones that were for trade! Gone! Gone!"

A very old medicine man with thin white hair raised his hand when the voices of astonishment and anger had quieted down a little.

"This is a matter for me," he said in a calm voice. "Only the wisdom that comes from long-time meditation in the kiva will help us now. Evil magic is at work. Maybe it is the evil of a witch woman—maybe that is so, we do not know—but it must be met by other magic, the magic that I know—magic that has power and is good."

"It is well," answered another. "Tell us what to do, my father, and we will do it."

"We will go to the kiva, then," said the medicine man, "and there gather of that wisdom. Come!" and quickly the room was empty again, but Hah-ko

caught Yazhe tightly by the wrist and made her to go with him.

"So-show-mi may have great wisdom," he said close to her ear so that only Yazhe heard his words, "but I do not let you to go until we have that grandmother in your place."

Yazhe pulled back and tried to twist her little wrist away from his grasp, but it did no good, for he was very strong and laughed at her efforts and at the frowning looks of Kawani.

"Two little rats," he laughed; "two little rats who would like to find another hiding hole; but see how I have you in a trap."

"I will not stay with you," cried Yazhe. "You are a bad man, and I do not like you!"

Kawani caught hold of the belt of Hah-ko then and pulled fiercely with all his strength.

"Let her go!" he said. "Why do you hold a little one when she has done not one thing? I saw how you took those green feathers out of your belt."

Hah-ko stopped short, and his face turned a strange yellowish color. He held Yazhe back until the others had gone a few steps beyond them.

"What do you mean?" he asked then in a voice that was like two rocks rubbing together, and he

caught the arm of Kawani with his other hand. "What is it that you mean about those green feathers?"

Kawani was quickly sorry that he had spoken. No one would believe what he said, and now Hah-ko would have reason to be more evil than he had been, but it was too late to see that he had made a mistake and Hah-ko was waiting with little eyes searching his face.

"I saw you from that hole in the ceiling," went on Kawani slowly. "I saw how you did not find the feathers in the room—you took them from your belt." He almost felt that fire was coming from the eyes of Hah-ko.

"How do you think that those feathers could get into my belt?" he asked then, and his fingers squeezed so hard the wrist of Kawani that it was hard for him not to cry out with the pain of it, but a sudden thought came into the mind of the boy, and it made a gleam in his eyes that the other saw and could not understand. "Listen!" said Hah-ko, and gave a swift hard shake with the words. "Those feathers were on the floor of that room. Do you understand that, boy? On the floor of that room were they found, and I put them in my belt to keep them safe

until a time when I could speak. If ever you say to others what you have said to me, or if *you* say it"—and he gave a shake to Yazhe too—"you will the both go on that long trail where only go those who make lies and witch talk! I, Hah-ko, have said it, and never have I said words that lie!"

The strange gleam had not gone from the eyes of Kawani, and he looked with defiance at Hah-ko.

"Only cowards say words to make little ones have fear!" he said. "I have no fear of you at all. You cannot do a harm to me, and you cannot do a harm to Yazhe. Maybe they will believe you about those feathers, but there is another One who saw the thing that you did—not Yazhĕ," he said hastily—"and that other One saw whether you found those feathers in that house or in another place."

The yellow look came back to the face of Hah-ko, and he let go his hold on the arm of Yazhe and of Kawani.

"Who was that other one?" he asked in a very different voice, and Kawani almost laughed to see how the look in his face was different, but he shook his head very firmly.

"That is a thing I cannot tell," he said, "and Yazhe cannot tell. But that other One knows, and

if you do more that is evil that other One will tell."

Hah-ko stood uncertainly, looking first at Kawani and then at Yazhe. It was very plain to see that he did not know what to say or what to do, and it was just as plain that there was no doubt in his mind that Kawani spoke what was true. When they found that their arms were free of that tight hold both children jumped quickly away from Hah-ko and dodged into a little narrow street that led them far away from the others, but as they ran he called after them in an angry voice:

"I will catch you again! You cannot get away from me, and the thing that you say is lie talk!" His voice went very high on the last words, but they did not stop to listen.

They ran swiftly with the joy of being free again and in the sweet air of out of doors.

"Oh!" cried Yazhe at last, when she stopped to get her breath, for they had been running in and out of little crooked streets and around corners and up and down ladders that led to roof tops where drying fruits and corn and chili peppers made good smells in the sunlight (they ran this way so that if Hah-ko tried to follow them he would lose them in the many turnings). "It is like when morning

comes after very bad dreams. I think Hah-ko is a bad dream thing."

"Yes," nodded Kawani, but there was a look of trouble in his face. "I think he is that. But maybe this is a dream we have not waked up from yet. If Hah-ko can make the people to believe him he will bring much evil to that grandmother. He has a reason to make them think how she is evil. I do not know yet what is that reason, but sometime I will know, and then I will tell."

"Who was that other One?" asked Yazhe then eagerly. "Who was that One who saw those feathers?"

A little red came into the cheeks of Kawani, and he looked down at his feet.

"Maybe you do not know about that One," he said slowly. "The wise ones in the kiva tell about Him, and the Mission Lady who comes—and I myself have felt how He sees things when I have been in the desert sometimes."

"Oh," said Yazhe softly, and she nodded her little head, "yes, I know that One. My grandmother tells how He speaks in the dawn wind and sees with the stars at night, and how He smiles in the sunshine. Yes, I know about that One, but maybe Hah-ko

does not know—I think he does not know. That look in his eyes was not a know look," and she gave a little giggle at the remembrance of that look. "I think maybe Hah-ko had a thought that you spoke of a Chindi when you said that thing."

"Hi!" called a voice suddenly, so that both children jumped. "How I am glad I have found you. Everywhere I have looked. Now come—come quickly!"

CHAPTER III

THE SEARCH

Now stars come in the evening sky
And watch for you and me,
And light their little signal fires
For us to see!

IT WAS the mother of Kawani who called.

"So many things have happened," she said, "and now there will be more." She took the little hand of Yazhe and patted it softly. "It will be well with you, little one, and with your grandmother. I know how she is not a witch one, and others know, but when strange things happen there must be a reason, and until we find that reason there will be always those who make mistakes. I have made a promise that I will keep you safe until that grandmother is found, and then maybe she will explain things so that all will be well. Come, now, and we will make ready."

"Make a ready for what?" asked Yazhe with very wide eyes. "What is it that comes now?"

"There is to be a great search party," answered

the mother of Kawani. "Many who have great anger for witches go into the desert to search, and friends of that grandmother go too to see that harm does not come to her if they can help it. They have said that you must go also, for always they think that your grandmother will come to get you or will send others, and I go to have the care of you."

An excitement began to grow in the heart of Yazhe. This was a different thing that was happening, and evil did not come to anyone out in the desert—not ever had she known it to come there—only good was there and new things for every moment of time.

"Will Kawani go too?" she asked eagerly, and his mother nodded slowly with a little smile in the corner of the mouth.

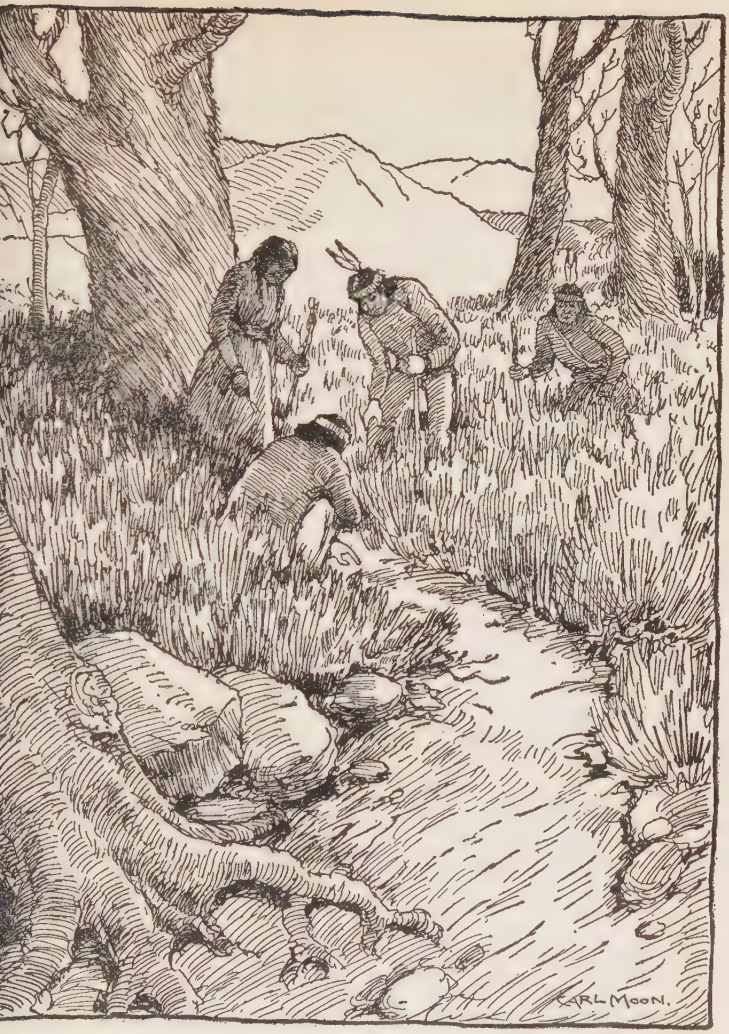
"I think a rope tied tight to him would not keep Kawani away," she said wisely, and then she began to make little bundles of food, for they were now in the house where she lived.

There was a bustly air of excitement over all the town now. Even the wild turkeys in the streets seemed to notice it, and the little dogs barked louder than ever and sniffed joyously at the smell of preparing food. It was hard to believe that anyone could have anything but happy thoughts in them on a day

like this. All the fear went suddenly out of Yazhe, and she knew now very surely that no harm would come to her grandmother. Something told her that this was just the beginning of a big adventure, and a song began to sing in her heart—a song of shiny sky and good smells and new trails and of Kawani —and she found it hard to keep it on the inside of herself as she helped with those little bundles of food.

When they were ready to go down the trail into the desert many others were ready and waiting too, and Yazhe wondered if the whole town was going—all except the very old ones and the babies. The very old ones still sat at home nodding wisely and telling to each other how this time was very like to another time many years before when there had been talk of witches in this town. And the very little ones played in the streets or lay on their backs and blinked at the sun and thought about nothing at all.

It was a strange procession that went down that trail, and Yazhe was glad when they came into the desert where she could see the many play places that she knew well, and where the dust danced gayly in little whirling clouds and she could see the tiny tails



Some we will send on every trail," So-show-mi cried, "so we will surely not miss the right one"

of rabbits bobbing up and down away off in the sage and where every trail led to some friendly place. When they were at the bottom of that trail So-show-mi, the medicine man, who was to lead the search, called to them to stop.

"Some we will send on every trail," he cried, "so we will surely not miss the right one. Already Hah-ko has ridden away by himself to search—he says how a something has told him which way to go, and he has gone. It may be that he is right, but we will not wait to see. Look how there are four trails here. We will make ourselves into four parties, and one will go on each trail. When the time of sundown has come we will meet again at that great rock yonder," and he pointed with his lips toward a great red rock in the distance. It was a meeting place well known to them all, and they nodded without speech. "For one night we will camp in the desert if we have found To-tay-yah" (the grandmother of Yazhe), "but if still we have not found her we will have more talk and make another plan. Is there any here who has not understood the words that I say?"

"There is no one," came the answer; and after that, in a very little while the people were divided into four parties and were moving away from each

other on the four trails that led through the sage out into the desert. One trail led back around the home mesa into low hills and canyons beyond, and one went over the desert straight up a wash where there had been much water in the time of rains, and another went over another part of the desert toward the sharp blue hills that stood out so clearly in the morning light, and the last one led toward tall buttes and strange-shaped rocks that looked to be very close at hand, but Yazhe knew that they were far away. Only once had she been that far away—one time when she had ridden on the horse of Kawani. This time they did not have horses, except one or two of the younger men. They thought that the grandmother had not gone on a horse, and so So-show-mi said that they would surely find her very close to the home mesa.

"They do not know how my grandmother is strong," whispered Yazhe to Kawani. "Many young ones are not strong like she is—and like a goat she can run. I have seen her when coyotes have come to the sheep in the desert—I have seen how she can run then."

Yazhe and the ones that were with her (Kawani was one of them) went on the trail that led toward

the blue hills, and all day they walked and looked behind every sage bush and every mesquite bush and up and down every little sandy wash, but only blue shadows were there and rabbits that popped down into dark holes in the rocks and little horned toads that lay very still in the sand and pretended to be small stones until they had passed. And once or twice they met Navajos on the trail, who opened their eyes very wide with surprise to hear that all these people went out to hunt for one very old woman; but they had not seen her, and those who kept sheep in the desert had not seen her.

When they all came together at the red rock place when it was near to night, the others had the very same tale to tell. No one had seen an old woman on any of the trails of the desert, and there was much wonder where she could have gone.

"Now we know how she must be a witch woman," was the whisper of many of them.

"We will make new plans," said So-show-mi, "and this time we cannot fail. We have this day used only the wisdom that is of men, but with the sun tomorrow we will use other wisdom. I will show you how it will be done—in a little while I will show you, but now we must eat." And the women opened up

the little bundles of food they had brought and built fires, and the men made shelter places where they could sleep, and Kawani and Yazhe watched them and sniffed at the good smells and felt that this was not a bad adventure at all.

"I think now they will not find that grandmother," whispered Yazhe. "Maybe she knows that they make a hunt and is hiding in a place. I wish very much that we could find her and tell her how they make a hunt."

"Maybe they will not find her," nodded Kawani, but there was a worry look on his face. "But how will she come back to here? I do not like that part. Maybe always she will have to live in the desert."

"Oh, no," said Yazhe. "Very soon they will find out how she is not a witch and how she did not take away anything, and then she can come back."

"But things do not do that way—they do not go away just by themselves." Kawani frowned more deeply than before. "Maybe witches are true, and maybe this one made your grandmother to go away."

Yazhe stamped her little foot in the sand.

"Witches are not *true* things!" she said, and she did not care who heard her say that; "and my grandmother went away because she had a reason

to go, and she will come back when it is the time—only"—and then she made her voice to go very low, and she came close and whispered in the ear of Kawani—"I have a plan. Will you come with me and be in that plan?"

Kawani looked around to see that no one was listening.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly. Always he liked the plans of Yazhe. "Tell me quick. What will we do?"

"When the dark comes," her eyes were shining now, "I will tell you then. When it is black dark, and when—" she gave a little sniff toward the supper pots—"when we have had of those things to eat."

And when the supper time was over the fires were made high and bright, and for a little the people forgot about witch talk and all evil things and sang songs and laughed and told of adventures and of long-ago things; and Yazhe and Kawani listened and thought of adventures that would come to them some day, maybe very soon. They did not know how very soon those adventures would come!

And then, after a little while, So-show-mi put up his hand for silence and began to speak very slowly

in a quiet voice, and every word that he said was clearly to be heard.

"Listen," he said, "I have a thing that you must hear, all of you, though to some already it is known. My grandfather told me this when he was very old, and it was his grandfather who told it first to him, and no one knows who was the very first to hear the tale. You shall be the ones to judge whether it is a true thing or not—I do not know. But listen, and I shall tell it as it was told to me, and you shall see the reason why I speak at this time. Up to this time I have thought that we would find the one who has taken away our Katchina or would find a trail to where that one has gone, but we have found no trail, and so I think this is a thing like that other thing of long ago.

"One time there was a town out here on the edge of the desert, a big town with many people, and they were happy and prosperous until a thing happened. It is about that happen-thing that I will tell. In the kiva of this town, on the altar place was kept a little pottery jar, and in that jar were sacred seeds brought to the town a long time before by a stranger from the north—a pale stranger with hair like sunshine—and he told them many wonderful things of

those seeds, how they would make trees to grow full of shining fruits. And some of the seeds were planted, and it was a true thing—trees grew from them, and on the trees were fruits that were good to eat; but others of the seeds they did not plant, for they felt that they were very sacred, and they kept them on the altar place, and always while they were there the water springs were full and sweet, and rains came and made the cotton fields and maize to grow, and the people were very happy and sang at their work —and always they thought this good was because of the sacred seeds.

"And then one day another stranger came from the north, and this time the stranger was a woman with long black hair and a look in the eyes that no one could read. For a little the people thought that she would do no harm, but then one day she disappeared, and quickly they found that the little jar on the altar place had gone when she had gone, and after that the people were no longer happy. The rains no more came down, and the fields of maize and cotton turned to yellow sticks that shook and rattled in the wind. The spring grew smaller and smaller until the people were afraid to drink, that there would be no water left; and then an illness came to

many, and the medicine men saw clearly that the time had come when a something must be done against this evil magic.

"'We have been so long a happy people,' said he, 'that we have forgotten all our prayers for rain. We have said it was the seeds that brought us good, and now that they have gone what will we do?'

"'Get back our seeds!' was all the answer that the people would give; and so they began to make plans —just as this day we also have made plans. 'We will find that evil woman,' they cried, 'that witch woman with the hair like night, and when she gives to us our seeds again we will be happy as we were before.' And so they looked to find trails in the desert—as we have looked—and asked many questions of those who lived there, but no one had seen the woman and the seeds, and they did not find her—not for many days. But one day they made a camp place near to some hills, and in the night time, when all of the people slept except one old medicine man, he saw a woman come walking down into the camp place from the hills, and though it was very dark he saw her plainly. She came straight to him and beckoned with her hand.

"'Come,' she said, and he followed her without

so much as a question in his thoughts. She led him into the hills to a beautiful valley place where green trees were whispering in the wind, and in the leaves of the trees he saw fruits hanging—red and yellow and golden—and down the middle of the valley a little stream made music like silver bells.

"The woman looked at him and smiled when he saw these things.

"'It was a foolish thing,' she said, 'to keep those seeds in a little jar. Look how it was meant that they were to be.'

"But when next day he told to the people what he had seen and heard they would not believe him, and they looked all through the little hills and found no valley with green trees.

"'You dreamed a thing!' they cried. 'And it was an evil thing, for those seeds were sacred seeds and were never meant to be put into the ground.'

"And after a while the old medicine man said no more, for he saw that the people believed only that he told lies, but when night had come again and the people slept he saw again the woman come a second time, and he followed her into the hills where was the valley of whispering trees. This time he spoke to her.

"'Why do you show me this?' he asked. 'It is too late now for us to plant the seeds, for they are gone, and we have no water left, and every day the people grow more angry.'

"For a long time the woman did not make answer to him, and when he looked into her eyes he saw that they were very sad.

"'I took the seeds away,' she said then, 'because the people thought that they were magic seeds. But you are one who knows a better thing than that —have you forgotten?'

"When she said that she was gone, and he knew that he was back in the camp place where everyone was sleeping, and he thought long on the words that the woman had said. But when he told the people they were more angry than before.

"'Only one thing have *we* forgotten,' they cried, 'and that is that you were a friend to that strange woman. Now we will send you into the hills to live in that valley you tell about, and we will go back and save what we can of our dying fields' And they went back, but the fields were gone; and after a time there was no one to live in that town any more and now there are only stones to show the place where once it stood. But the medicine man went into

the hills, and he remembered the thing that the people had forgotten—and this is that thing—that magic was not in the seeds or in the springs or in the rain but is in the Great Spirit who sends them all. And when he remembered that he remembered too the prayer for rain; and when he had prayed he found in the rocks the little jar that had been on the altar place. And he planted the seeds, and the rain came, and after a while the valley of whispering trees grew up as he had seen it in the night time, and others came to live with him in that place. And in the time of the grandfather of my grandfather a prosperous town was there."

When So-show-mi had talked this far a man who was called She-way-no jumped to his feet with a great anger in his eyes.

"Why do you tell a thing like this?" he cried. "How will it bring good to us now? You would say that there is no magic in our Katchina—is that the thing that you would say? And how will that make help for us now?"

Others murmured in sympathy with his words.

"I have seen how our Katchina can bring the rains and can make the springs to be full again when they were nearly dry, and I know how this woman who

has taken it is a witch woman and has made the baby of Saiya to cry all the time, and I know how there is a magic—for it is a thing that is taught to medicine men—and now I think it is the time for you to do that magic that you know."

"Yes, yes!" cried the others. "It is the time now."

"We do not want to be many days out here in the desert," went on She-way-no, "when there is much work to do in those fields back by that home mesa. An old woman cannot go very far away, and if there is a spell thing that you can make to bring her back, now is the time to make that spell."

So-show-mi stood up then and made a sign for the people to be quiet, for many shouted loudly with She-way-no.

"It is well," he said slowly, and there was almost a sorry look in his face. "It is well. There is a spell thing that I can do. But there are many things that we must all do in preparation. In the morning we will do them, with the first gray light of dawn. Yes, I will do as you have said, but first for a little while we will have sleep, and then we will be fresh for the work that is to come."

When the people were quiet and had made themselves comfortable on blankets to sleep Kawani

crept over to the place where Yazhe was, and he whispered to her:

"Tell me now that plan that you have made—now it is dark."

She put her lips close to his ear.

"The plan was that while it is dark we will go to hide in the rocks, and then, when the others have gone, we will go and find my grandmother and tell her things."

"I will go," answered Kawani eagerly. "I have saved food for us to eat—look!" and he showed her a little package of piki bread and dried meat that he had put in a fold of cloth and tucked into the belt at his waist, "I thought how that would be the plan. Shall we go now? I think now is a good time."

"Not *now*," answered Yazhe slowly. "For a little we will not go."

That was a queer thing for her to say, and Kawani opened his eyes very wide and looked at her in the starlight. Always Yazhe wanted to do things quickly, never could she wait for one minute when there was a thing to do.

"Why will you wait?" he asked in a puzzled voice. "Now is a very good time to go. Maybe a time like this will not come again when there is no one who watches."

"Never have I seen a medicine man do a magic spell thing," said Yazhe suddenly. "Have you seen a thing like that, Kawani?"

He grinned in the dark. Now it was a clear thing why Yazhe wanted to wait here, and a little he was glad himself that she had said it.

"One time I have seen that," he said, "and maybe when another night comes it will be black-dark like this one, and no one will watch." But he did not believe that; he did not believe that they would be in the desert for another night.

Yazhe nodded.

"Yes, I think we will go then," she said. "If that magic spell is a big spell maybe we will make other plans, and there will be more things to tell that grandmother."

"Do you think it will make her to come back?" Kawani asked that to see what she would say.

"Witch spells are for witches." Yazhe gave a little push to him with her hand. "I have told you how my grandmother is *not* a witch, and always you have known how witches are not true—but—" and a little shiver that was not altogether unpleasant went wiggling down her back—"maybe things will happen—we will wait and see."

CHAPTER IV

THE SPELL

The little trail welcomes with beckoning hand
All those who will follow and understand.

VERY long before the red feather of the dawn had touched with magic paint the highest rocks and bushes those in the camp place were awake and busy doing the things that So-show-mi told them to do. First they gathered sticks of wood —big and little—branches of small trees, and anything else that they could find, and built a corral. It was not very large because they could not find much wood, but the medicine man said that it was large enough. They built it in a circle with an open side toward the east, and it came as high as the shoulders of Kawani. Then they took sagebrush and weeds and covered the outside of the corral so that it looked like things growing.

"It has the look of a play place," said Yazhe to Kawani. "I would like very much to have a little place like this. Maybe they will leave it here when

they are through with the spell thing and we can come back and play with it." But Kawani was watching the things So-show-mi was doing and did not hear what she said.

So-show-mi patted down a floor in the corral, of smooth desert sand, and he made a little altar place with a Katchina standing on it, and sacred meal in a basket, and then he placed little pottery dishes on the floor. In one dish was meal from purple corn, and in another little seeds, and one he filled with leaves from some wild plant; and then he made curious marks in the sand with his fingers and said words in a low voice that no one could understand. In the very middle of the corral he put a large reed basket made flat with a very beautiful design on it, and in the basket he placed very carefully a handful of shining glass beads of many colors.

"Now," said So-show-mi when he had finished doing these things, "now I will do for you what no medicine man in all the world has done before—and I think no one will ever do again. I will tell to you what this spell will be—before it is done I will tell you, so that you will know what is to come—and it may be the magic will be stronger for your knowing. In a vision I have seen how this thing is

to be—and now it is almost the time. Listen carefully now to what I tell you. Each one must hide in a place where he will not be seen—behind the rocks or bushes or trees—while I sing a song of magic (that too has come to me in a dream), and that song will surely bring a witch if she is near to here. If this one comes in the shape of a bird or of an animal or a snake—and many come like that—she will go to the thing in that corral that she likes the best, in those little pottery bowls that I have placed; and when she touches that thing the magic of the spell will make her to go back to the human form that is her own. But if she comes as a woman she will go to the shining glass beads, and when she touches them her magic power will leave her and she will be as other women. You shall see how the spell is very strong. Quick, now, or the dawn will be here, and she will see you and will not come. Find those places where you can hide—all of you!"

And Kawani pulled Yazhe to a place in the rocks where he had thought it would be very good to hide when night had come. As soon as everyone had found a hiding place So-show-mi began to shake a rattle very regularly and to dance slowly around the outside of the corral and to sing a strange song in

words of a language that neither Yazhe nor Kawani could understand. It seemed very queer to be waiting in the pale gray light out in the desert with big rocks rising here and there and only the sound of the song of So-show-mi and the shaking of his rattle to be heard. Nothing else happened at all—not for a long time. The gray light grew brighter and turned softly pink and then gold, and little sounds began to come from the sage—sounds that made the children look quickly with eager eyes to see what came. But they saw only the small animal brothers of the desert waking up for a day of new adventure, and there was no sign or sound of any witch in any shape at all. And then suddenly Kawani gave a little jump, and a shine came to his eyes.

"Wait in this place until I come," he whispered to Yazhe, and like a shadow he was gone. He was so quick, and it was such an unexpected thing, that Yazhe did not have time to ask one word, and the wonder was so big in her that she thought if he did not come back very soon she would go into little pieces. But he did not come back soon, and there was nothing to tell her the reason of his going. She looked out from her little rock hiding place into every direction, but Kawani was not there, and she heard

only the sound of that "Shake—shake—shake!" of the rattle of So-show-mi and the song that he sang in words that she could not understand.

It was a very long time that she waited there—a very *great* long time—and every minute that he did not come her wonder grew bigger and bigger, and then, just as suddenly as he had gone and with no sound at all, Kawani popped back into their hiding place, and she saw that he was breathing like a horse that had been in a race. She grabbed hold of his arm, and just then a noise—a loud noise—came from the corral.

"Hi! Hi! See how she is here! Come, everyone! Come from your hiding places and look how this is a strong spell that I have made!" And there was the noise of much running, and many people who shouted in a great excitement.

"Come!" cried Kawani at that very moment, and he caught tight hold of the hand of Yazhe and pulled her AWAY FROM THE DIRECTION IN WHICH ALL THE OTHERS WERE RUNNING! "Come quickly! Now is the time!"

But Yazhe pulled back with all her strength and dug her little heels in the rocks.

"No!" she answered. "I want to see what is in

that corral. Never have I seen a witch-spell thing, and I want to see what has come."

Kawani was laughing now, but he did not let go of her hand.

"I will tell you," he said, "when we are away from this place. There is no witch—you yourself have said how there is no witch."

"But I want to see," said Yazhe again. "We can go away when it is dark."

"No, we cannot go when it is dark," and he was very serious now. "I think maybe they will make another plan now and will go back to the home place. I will tell you what is in that corral, but there is not time now. Come, we must run," and he began to run over the rocks pulling her very firmly with him.

At the first she did not want to go and an anger feeling made red spots in her cheeks, but in a little she followed by herself, and Kawani did not have to hold her arm. There was so much noise and excitement back at the corral place that no one saw them run or heard the sound of their feet, and then, when they were so far away that the voices of the people sounded only like the sighing of the wind, Kawani stopped by a big rock and turned to face Yazhe with a big laugh look in his face. She stopped too, and

when she saw his face a little smile came on the inside of her—always the laugh looks in the face of Kawani made her to feel like that.

"What is it, Kawani?" she asked him almost shyly. "Why have you a look like that?"

He found a place to sit down, and then he spoke very slowly. It was nice to have someone so eagerly waiting for the words he would say.

"I thought of it the first time when we were standing behind that rock," he said. "I remembered all those little bowls that So-show-mi had put in the corral, but I was not sure that it was a thing that I could do. There was not time to tell to you the plan—even then it was very late—and so I went quickly into the sage. I remembered that sometimes the little animals of the desert are not very wide awake before the dawn, but it took a long time to catch a rabbit. It would not have taken long if I could have shot him with my arrows or knocked him down with a rabbit stick, but that was a thing I could not do—there was a need to catch him very much alive. I made a noose thing with a thong on the end of a stick. It took a very long time, but I did it." There was now a pride in his voice. "And no one saw me—that is the very best part. I know that,

because I went behind the hiding places of them all. And then came the part that was the hardest. I crept down in the sage close to the ground like a snake, and when So-show-mi was on the other side of that corral I put the rabbit in at the opening and came back to the hiding place as quickly as I could. And that is why I know that no witch was there—it was only a little rabbit."

Yazhe was watching him with eyes that were as round and as bright as stars.

"Will So-show-mi think a witch has come?" she asked. "Will he think a rabbit is a witch?"

"You have heard the thing that he said." Kawani was grinning again. "Maybe he will think that—or maybe he will let the people think that. So-show-mi is very wise, and it is not an easy thing to know what he thinks. But now is the time to go away from here and find that grandmother."

"But maybe they will not make a hunt for her now —maybe they will think that the witch one is caught."

"For a little maybe they will think that," said Kawani, "but when there is no Katchina and no blue stones I have a thought that they will look some more for another witch one that is not a rabbit."

"Oh," cried Yazhe, and now she was standing on her tiptoes with eagerness, "I have a hungry feeling in me to see that grandmother. Let us find her now—quickly. When those ones back there say witch things about her it makes a big feel to come that I want her close."

"I think they would not do a hurt thing to her," said Kawani reassuringly. "They are like dogs with a big bark that only wave the tail when you come near."

"See how the whole desert is different now," cried Yazhe. "Back there it was a strange place with many black shadows in it, but here it has big arms open for us. Oh, I have a so-friendly feeling for this desert, and I think always it is a good place."

"Yes," said Kawani, but he did not say it very eagerly, and he was not smiling now. "The desert is good, but I have brought only a very little food, and there is no water in the desert. And where will we go now to look for that grandmother?"

"Maybe in the hills there is water," said Yazhe, "and everywhere there is food." Not ever had Yazhe been for a very long time without food, and she could not think that it was a worry thing, but Kawani had heard much talk of older ones, and he

knew that it could be very bad not to have food.

But the desert in the early morning is not a place where worry thoughts can stay long in the mind, and Yazhe and Kawani forgot soon for a little while even that they looked for the grandmother. There was so much to see and so much to do. This was a world that had been made fresh and clean just for them this day, and nowhere in all the places that they looked could they see any living things but the little brothers of the wild places and once in awhile a hawk that flew through the blue of the sky. Every step brought something new and exciting. Tiny trails led everywhere—to burrows in the sand and holes in the rocks; and queer-shaped sticks and stones and little plants and flowers grew on every little rise of land, and they did not have the look of the ones that were nearer home; and sandy washes, like baby canyons, led on and on always to places that were new and a little different from any they had seen before. They walked toward the little hills that looked to be very near at hand, but when they had walked until the sun was straight overhead those hills seemed to be just as far away as they had been in the beginning.

"We will eat now," said Kawani when he had

found a place under a big mesquite bush where they could rest for a little. "And I think it is time to make a plan. We could walk and walk until we went to the other side of the desert or over the top of those hills but if your grandmother was not in that place we would not find her, and maybe we would go farther away from where she is."

"We will be quiet, then, and think," said Yazhe, and she looked like a very little old woman when she said that. "Inside of you tells you what to do if you are very quiet—my grandmother tells me that." So they sat very quiet for a long while, until even the little sounds of the desert that not everyone can hear came to them almost as loud as man sounds. And then very suddenly from nowhere at all a voice spoke out—clear and loud.

"Lolomi!" said that voice, and Yazhe and Kawani both jumped up from the place where they had been sitting as if they had found suddenly that they were sitting on something very hot.

"What is that?" cried Kawani. "Who is there?" And Yazhe pressed close to him, trembling a little. She had no fear for things that she could see, but here there was nothing that they could see. They were on a little rise of rocky ground that was higher

than the desert around them, and on this rise was only the one big mesquite bush that you could see through on every side and where no one could hide. Under the bush and around it were rocks so low and flat that hardly could they make shadow pools in the midday sun, and from there the desert stretched away in every direction but the direction of the little hills that looked to be so close—but too far for a voice to be heard as clear and plain as the one they had heard—and even the sage just here was very small and stunted. But even as they looked the voice spoke again—the very same word.

"Lolomi!" it said, very slowly, and clearly, and Yazhe and Kawani jumped again as they heard it —they could not help it.

"It came from that bush!" said Kawani suddenly. "From right up in that bush—but—but—there is no one there!"

Yazhe was staring at the big bush as if her little eyes would pop from her head, and then—so unexpectedly that Kawani looked at her with as much surprise as he had shown at the sound of the voice—she began to laugh. Just a little giggle at the first, and then she laughed so hard that the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, how you had a funny face!" she said when she could get her breath; "and for such a little thing."

"How is it little?" he asked quickly. "How do you know that it is little?"

"Look up there." She pointed with her pursed lips toward the thick part of the mesquite bush, and he looked closer and saw a black spot that he had not noticed before.

"That is a bird," he said scornfully, "a black bird, and anyone knows that a bird cannot talk."

"That one can." Yazhe was laughing again. "It is the black bird of Hah-ko. He will say only that one word. I have heard him say it in the home place."

Kawani looked at the bird again doubtfully.

"Why would the bird of Hah-ko be here in this place?" he wondered. "I have heard talk about that bird, but I did not believe that it was true talk. I think he is more like a witch thing than your grandmother is. I think it would be good to shoot him with an arrow. Maybe he would be good to eat."

"Oh, no!" cried Yazhe. "A bird that talks is almost a magic thing. You must not kill him, and maybe he knows things. Maybe he can tell us the way that my grandmother has gone."

Kawani answered that only with a sound of his mouth. He did not believe that a bird could tell anything—even a bird that talked; but Yazhe was suddenly eager.

"Watch!" she cried. "I will make him to go away, and the way he goes is maybe the way that my grandmother has gone." She picked up a little stick and threw it at the bird—that was the thing she *tried* to do—but the stick did not go near to him and he did not move.

Kawani grinned, and a little red spot came in the cheek of Yazhe. She picked up a little stone, and this time aimed very carefully before she threw. The stone went nearer than the stick had done, and the bird, with a queer little squawk, rose straight into the air from the twig on which he had been sitting, and then he came down again to exactly the same place and watched Yazhe for what she would do next, with a little eye that looked like a glass bead —but a glass bead that winked wickedly.

Kawani grinned more widely than before, and his teeth flashed white in the sunshine.

"Grandmothers do not go straight up into the air. Never have I known one to do that—unless very truly she was a witch," he said. "I think if that bird

knows where she has gone it is a thing he will not tell to us. Do you think now it would be good if I shot him with my arrow?"

Yazhe did not answer him, and he saw that she was looking with suddenly eager eyes at something that she saw in the desert. She seemed already to have forgotten the bird, and she ran forward and reached over to a sage bush and picked at a thing that he could not see.

"Maybe that bird did not tell us," she cried excitedly, "but this thing tells me a something. Look at this, Kawani—it is a little piece of the dress of my grandmother. I know how it is her dress, and it caught on that bush as she passed."

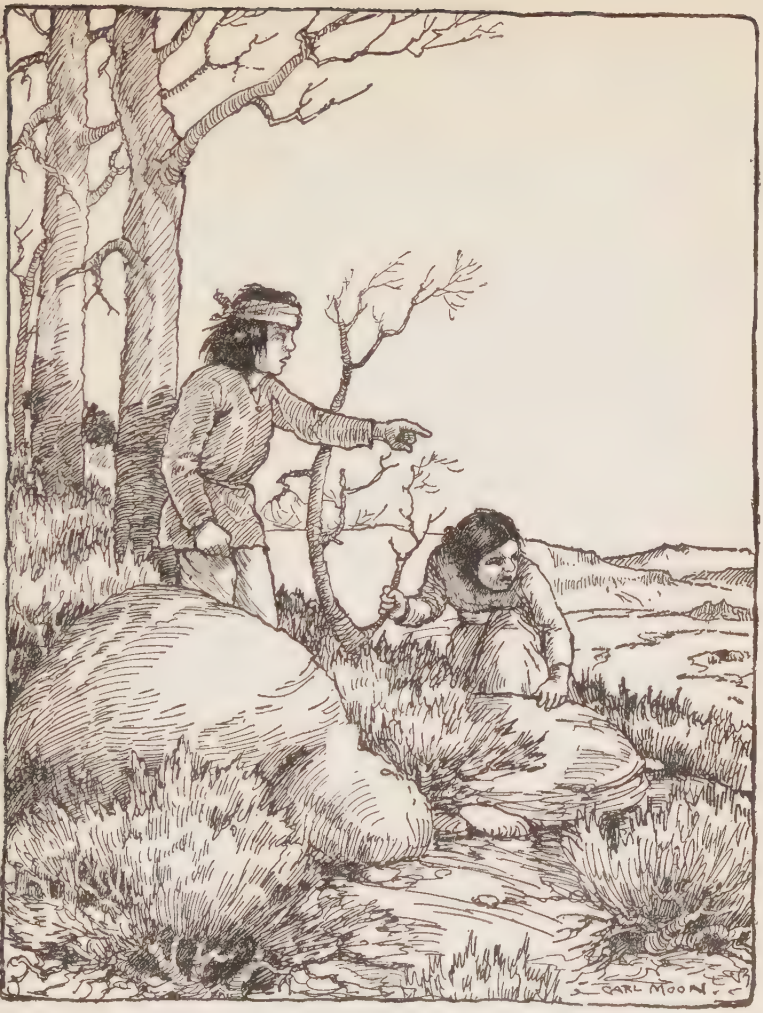
"Yes," answered Kawani, and he was nearly as excited as she. "I think now she has come this way —if that is a piece of the dress that she had—and over there, look! Over there there is a thing that moves—a big thing!"

Yazhe too saw something that moved as she watched, and they both started off toward that place, running like wild rabbits through the sage. It was in one of the little hills that they had seen it, and it was far, and they were tired and breathless before they came to it. They ran down little rocky

places and up others and through bushes that tore their clothes and over stones that rolled and made them to stumble, but they did not stop for one moment, for they were afraid that the grandmother would go on to somewhere else before they got there, for it must be that she had not seen them—and they felt very sure that it must be she. It was a low hill where they had seen that moving thing that was too far away to be very certain about, and there were many other hills about it leading back into higher ones. It was covered with a scrubby growth of jack oaks and greasewood and here and there a pinyon tree, but the bushes were not close enough together to be a good place for hiding. But when they had reached it they could see no one at all, and it did not look as if ever anyone had been in that place.

Kawani looked on the ground to see if there were marks of any kind, but it was very rocky, and he could not tell if anyone had passed that way. In one place there was a little ledge of rock as green as grass —the very greenest rock he had ever seen—and he put a small piece of it in the belt at his waist.

"I have seen much of red rock, and yellow and gray," he said, "but never any rock green like this rock is. So-show-mi will be very glad to have it for



"There it is! On that other hill place!" cried Kawani excitedly

sand pictures when he makes big medicine ceremony."

"But where is that thing that moved?" asked Yazhe in a puzzled voice. "My grandmother has come this way, and something moved—but look how she is not here. I do not understand that."

"There it is! On that other hill place!" cried Kawani excitedly. "Something moved again in those bushes—I saw how it did." And they scrambled down from the hill where they were, across a deep wash, and up the side of the other hill. But it was as quiet and without anything that moved as the first one had been.

Yazhe stopped then, when they had looked very carefully everywhere on the hill place, and a queer little look came into her eyes.

"Maybe a something is trying to show us the way," she said slowly, "a something that is trying to help."

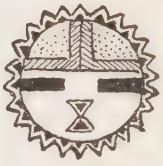
"It is a strange way to try to show a thing," said Kawani. "But look how this time there is a mark that is left in the sand"; and very clearly they both saw —in a sandy place—the prints that are left by the feet of a pony.

"This pony had a someone on his back," said Kawani, slowly. "I think it was not a grandmother

someone—and I think it was a someone who did not want to show a way to anyone or anything."

They both stood then on the top of the little hill and looked long in the direction in which that moving thing must have gone, but now there was nothing to see but shadows that grew longer and longer as the Father Sun crept down toward his resting place behind the hills; and just a little they felt lonely then, and Yazhe crept close to Kawani and put her hand on his arm.

"I am glad how you are big," she said softly. "I am not afraid—not one bit do I have any fear when I am in this desert—but—but—but there are things, and I am very glad how you are big and strong."



CHAPTER V

THE MEDICINE HOGAN IN THE DESERT

When sunshine has gone
And the shadows are dancing,
In the gray light of the gloaming I see them,
Creeping so close to the flickering firelight;
Leaping so swiftly away from the firelight;
Gray ghosts that shiver with fear of the firelight,
But long to come near!

YAZHE thought that night in the desert was very nice. Kawani found a sheltered place for her behind a rock where the wind could not blow, and he brought sage boughs and made it very comfortable and soft, like a home place, and he built a fire of twigs that crackled and leaped just as high and as gayly as any fire ever did, and they talked together of many things, until Yazhe forgot to be lonely or to think of her grandmother wandering like an animal that is hunted by men.

Kawani told her tales of the Navajo that had been told to him by his mother in the long winter evenings on the mesa top (for the mother of Kawani was Navajo and had not always lived up there on the mesa). Always of the desert were those tales,

and one spoke of the great mirage that had come in the year of no rains, and another of a strange tribe of men that rode peacefully down into the desert from no one knew where and then rode secretly back again after many moons—no one knew where; and there were tales of the kiva and of the wise ones—wonder tales of the long ago.

Yazhe listened with wide eyes and ears until the moon went out of the sky and the stars seemed to creep nearer and nearer in the dark and to listen too to the things that Kawani told, and then, while he was still talking, Yazhe began to blink, and then it was very queer how suddenly to her all the things that he said got mixed up with strange dream things —and after a while he stopped, and the stars still listened and twinkled all by themselves in the great dark sky that seemed so close, and then maybe they too went to sleep—who knows? For there was no one left to see.

In the morning Yazhe awoke with the first pink of sunlight in the sky, but Kawani was awake even before that, and he had built up the fire again so that it seemed to be the very same fire of the night before, but there were no tales now, and they both were eager to get away into the low hills where they felt

very sure the grandmother must have gone. The little hills were all about them and seemed to be the little ones of the high hills far beyond.

"If only my pony were here," cried Kawani, "we could go fast, and very soon we could find that grandmother."

"Yes," nodded Yazhe. "It would be like that time when we went on that Magic Trail. But Keeto is not here, and I think my grandmother did not have a pony either, so we will not need to go far away like we did that other time."

"It is a strange thing how everyone says that your grandmother did not have a horse," said Kawani suddenly. "How do they know that?"

Yazhe opened her eyes wide in surprise. "My grandmother does not have a horse," she said. "That is why they say that."

"But others have horses," insisted Kawani. "She could ride on the horse of another one, maybe the horse of one from the desert."

Yazhe stared at him, but for a little she did not speak. This was a new thought, and Kawani went on:

"If she did that she could go very far from here, and we would not find her."

Then Yazhe drew a very long breath. She had been

thinking big thoughts. "Grandmothers have to stop to eat," she said wisely, "and to sleep—and she has come this way. It does not matter if she was on a horse or not—we will find her—always I know that. And we must go now before the sun is hot."

They ate then the very last bit of food they had brought and walked down the side of the little hill where they had spent the night and up another one where that moving thing must have gone—that moving thing that was someone who rode on horseback. There were tracks on this hill too, but nothing more than that; and now they were much higher than they had been before and could see a great way back into the desert that seemed to smile at them in a friendly way.

They looked for a long time over the desert to see if the grandmother was there on any trail that they could see, but only in one place was there a living thing, and that was a Navajo boy with his sheep; and he was so far away that he was like a tiny black spot, and his sheep looked like little gray puffballs that moved slowly here and there. But it was so silent in this place that they could hear the sheep quite plainly with the "Maa's" and "Baa's" that they made and the tinkle of the bell of the leader.

"I would like very much to be like that boy," said Kawani suddenly. "Always I have a feeling that says it is good to watch the sheep in the desert."

"But maybe there are lonely feelings for the one who does that," said Yazhe. "There is no one to make talk with, and there are no things to do."

"There are the hills and the sky and the sheep," answered Kawani quickly; "and many other things there are—like the little brothers under the sage and in the sand—and all talk is not word talk. I think very much more I like the kind that has no words. And there are think things. In the kiva they have told me how there is much need for think time, and when always we talk and there are do things there is no time for that thinking."

"Ye-es," said Yazhe slowly and a little uncertainly. This was talk that she did not know very much about. "But very much better I like to *do* things."

Kawani grinned suddenly. "Then we will go," he said. "We can see how that grandmother is not in the desert, so it must be that she is in these hills —there is no other place." And very happily now Yazhe followed him as he started off again over the little hills.

Yazhe liked this very much. She did not care very much how long they would have to do a thing like this, for there was nothing in all the world she liked better than to wander through the desert and hills with Kawani. She was not hungry now, and she did not think for one minute of the time that would come when she would be, but Kawani thought of that time, and it made a worry look to come into his eyes—and then they both stopped and listened!

"Did you hear a thing?" whispered Kawani, and Yazhe stepped close to him and answered as cautiously:

"I think now I have heard it a long time—like something that knocks on a rock."

Kawani pulled her carefully down behind a big bush—there were many big bushes in this place: sage and mesquite and greasewood. "Do not move," he whispered again under his breath. "Do not move until I come back. I must see if there is someone who follows."

Yazhe did not want to let him go, but she could not help it. He frowned when she tried to follow him, and pushed her back behind the bush.

"Maybe it is no one," he said. "We will see"; and then he slipped so silently away in the bushes

"I think now I have heard it a long time—like something that knocks on a rock"

that not even the breath of the desert could make less noise than he, and Yazhe waited, trying to keep from breathing so that she could listen better for every sound that might come—and she heard it again; this time there could be no mistake at all. Something was moving in the big bushes not very far away, and once in a while there was a sharp click that Yazhe could not understand—and then—she jumped as if someone had pushed her—for very unexpectedly there came a big laugh from Kawani. A laugh that rang out in that silent place and seemed—for just a moment—louder than any laugh that Yazhe had ever heard.

"Come here!" he cried, as soon as he could stop laughing for a moment. "Come and see the terrible one who follows us!" and she jumped from her bush and ran to the place where he was. In the bushes in front of him a little gray burro looked at him with big round eyes and seemed to ask in burro talk:

"Why do you laugh so foolishly?"

"Where did he come from?" asked Yazhe. "And is there a someone who drives him?"

"No," grinned Kawani, "there is no one but this great gray one; I have looked to see—and look how he has a bridle. I think he has wandered away from

some place, or maybe the coyotes have chased him and he has followed us to see if we had some good thing for him to eat."

"Could we take him?" asked Yazhe eagerly. "Do you think it would be good to take him?"

"That is what we will do," answered Kawani, and there was now a happy sound to his voice. "Always I have wanted a little burro, and I like the look in the eyes of this one. And now we can go fast and hunt everywhere."

With the help of Kawani Yazhe climbed eagerly to the gray back of the little burro, and she caught hold of his long hair and held on tight.

"I will lead him a little way," said Kawani then, "and see how he goes, and then maybe I will ride too."

"Shall we call him Toh-kee?" cried Yazhe. "Already I have a love for this little burro, and now we will not get tired any more. Maybe he will lead us to places—burros know things that men do not know."

Kawani nodded.

"My father has told me that. Men go only to places where their eyes and their ears tell them to go, but horses and burros go where a something else tells

them. We will see about this one—where he will go." And sure enough, when they let him go the way that he wanted to, he led them very quickly to a little hollow between two hills where water stood in a place like a little cup, and around it was much grass, and the burro liked it so well in this place that two times he came back to it after they had had all the water they could drink and had pulled him away. And then they went on again, and late afternoon came; and when the sun was low in the west they had seen nothing at all but little low hills with bushes on them that all looked alike. No living people or any trail or any hogan. And then Kawani made the little burro come to a stop, and he frowned as he looked about him.

"I think we must go back to that home mesa," he said. "This is a place that I do not know. Everywhere it has a look of strangeness, and there is no food."

It was a very beautiful place where they now were, even if there was a sameness about it. They could look down a little valley between the low hills, and the light of the sun came in from one side like silver veils that floated out across the clear blue shadows. The low bushes too had a look of silver on them, and

in many places the ground was rocky, showing ragged edges of red and gray and yellow and, at the bottom of the valley, running around the edges of the little hills, the sand lay like a winding band of yellow gold. But Kawani saw only that no one lived or walked here, and that there was no food, and now he and Yazhe were very hungry.

"Could we catch a rabbit," asked Yazhe eagerly, "like you caught one for So-show-mi? That would be good—to catch a rabbit," and she smacked her lips at the thought of a rabbit made into a stew.

"I could catch one, maybe, if one was here," answered Kawani. "But all day I have looked to see one. I think nothing at all is here to eat, not anything—not even for a rabbit. That is why they have gone. Not even water is here"; and the little burro put out his nose and sniffed when Kawani said that. It was almost as if he knew the meaning of that word.

"I think Toh-kee knows!" cried Yazhe. "Let him go where he wants to go, and maybe again he will find water"; and Kawani gave the little burro a slap with his hand and did not guide him with his knees or anything at all, and sure enough, after lifting up his long ears, Toh-kee started off on a little jog trot

that was so stiff and bumpy it made Yazhe's teeth click together like castanets. "Tap—tap—tap" over the stony ground went the little burro, very much as if he knew where he was going. Yazhe tried to say a thing to Kawani, but she bumped up and down so hard that she bit her tongue, and she decided to stay quiet after that. Not ever before had she ridden on a burro—not fast like this—and she was not very sure that she wanted to again. It would have been better—very much better—if there had been a blanket, for the bones of that little bare back were as hard as rocks, and even Kawani, in a little, called out to her:

"I have—a—big—hope—that water—is not—a far way—off!"

She hoped that too, but she did not try to say it, and after a long time—a time that seemed very much longer than it really was—they came to a place in that little valley they had seen where the golden band of sand sank much deeper in one place by a big gray rock, and when they came to the rock the little burro stopped suddenly and put down his nose and sniffed as he had sniffed that other time.

Kawani jumped down from his back and began to

dig in the sand. Yazhe slid down too, and when she touched the ground she felt as if she would fall into little pieces—from the stiffness.

"There is water here!" cried Kawani joyously. "He is a very good burro. Two times he has found water, and it is good that we have found him."

"I think he is *not* a good burro!" said Yazhe unexpectedly, and she did not move from the place on the ground where she had jumped down from his back. "I think that burro has broken me in many pieces. I wish he would go away back to the very place he has come from." There was a little tremble to her voice, and Kawani looked up quickly, but he did not smile: he was careful not to do that. He knew the way that Yazhe was feeling, for he had much the very same feel himself; but men must be careful not to show a thing like that, and he pretended now that he had not heard the thing that she had said.

"Look," he said suddenly, "there is more than water here. There is a pinyon tree on that little hill over there, and there are many nuts."

Yazhe turned quickly to see the little tree, for she was very hungry—so hungry that she ran up the hill and climbed over a rocky place to get to the tree, and when she was there she threw stones at the little

cones to bring down the nuts to the ground and forgot, for awhile, the broken places that she had thought she had. But she remembered them again when they had eaten all the nuts they could eat and had drunk all the water they could hold and Kawani put out his knee for her to climb again to the back of that little burro.

"I think this time I will walk," she said suddenly. "I like very much to walk!" And this time Kawani did smile.

"Maybe I will walk too—for a little," he said, and just as he said that they heard the voices of two men speaking, and they stood still and listened. The two men were not very far away, but they could not see them, because the little hill made a turn right here, and the men were around the corner of the turn, but they were talking as if they did not think anyone could be near to hear them, and they did not make their voices low at all, so that the words came very clearly to Yazhe and Kawani. The voice of one was of a young man, and the other was old.

"The medicine hogan is near to being finished," said the young voice, "and to-morrow with the sun they will come."

"It is well," said the other voice, "and it is very

good, my son. There is one thing only that gives trouble in my thoughts."

"What is that thing?" asked the other quickly. "If there is a thing that I can do, my father, I will do it now"; and the voice was eager to please and very pleasant to hear.

"No," said the other. "It is not a thing that you can do. A thing has happened that I do not like—it may be there is evil in it. It is this—while we came to this place all of colored sand from a little bag was lost. It must be that a hole was in the bag, a hole that I had not seen, and on the way this colored sand paint has poured out until it has all gone. Not one grain is left, and I have no more."

"Then we will send one back to the hogan where is your store of medicine paint—we will do that quickly," said the first voice.

"I have no more. Not here and not in that hogan," said the other sadly. "It is for that reason that I have a worry in the mind. Without this color my sand painting of the earth and of the sky gods will be as nothing, and it may be that the healing charm will not do the good magic for the one who is sick."

"What is that color?" asked the first voice thoughtfully. "It may be we can find it here. You

have seen how there are rocks and sand of many colors in these hills. We will look here to find it."

"Many times have I looked in these very hills. There are red and yellow—much of them—but of green I have found none."

Kawani moved suddenly when the voice said that, and Yazhe looked at him quickly. She remembered the piece of green rock that he had picked up and put in the belt about his waist, but surely, even if this was the color that was wanted, so little a piece could not help very much. But Kawani had already walked quickly to the turn in the hill, and was standing in front of the two men by the time she had thought this, and the men were very much surprised to see him.

"Maybe I could find green rock in these hills," he said before the men could speak, and when he said that they were more surprised than before, and looked at him a moment without words.

One of the men, like his voice, was old and had the look of a medicine man, and the other was young and very pleasant in the face. Kawani could see, out in the open space beyond the hill, a medicine hogan that had been built of poles from trees and limbs freshly plastered with mud, and he knew

from the things that his mother had told him that with the sun in the morning there would be medicine ceremony in this place—a ceremony for the healing of a sick one. He had seen too the sand paintings that the medicine men make before the altar places for a ceremony like this, and he knew that without the green sand paint the picture and the ceremony would not be good.

"What will you give to me if I find that green rock?" he asked again, before the men had spoken, and then the pleasant-faced one smiled.

"Your ears are very open, boy of the stone-house people," he said, "but since you have heard the words that we have said and know that we have a need for that green rock, maybe if you can bring it I will give to you—" he hesitated—"maybe it is a rabbit stick that you would like."

Kawani made a sound with his mouth that said he would not like a rabbit stick.

"A sheep would be good," said the old medicine man then. "If you can find very green rock like the rock that I need—maybe if you have a hogan where you have a mother, maybe she would like to have a sheep."

Very quickly and in great excitement the medicine man snatched it from him

"*Two* sheep!" said Kawani suddenly, and the pleasant-faced man laughed loudly.

"Hi! But this one will be a trader some day," he cried. "Listen how he calls for two sheep! But what will you give to us for two sheep? Not yet do we know that you can find rock of a good color."

"Like this is the rock"; and Kawani took the piece he had found out of his belt and held it in his hand for them to see. Very quickly and in great excitement the medicine man snatched it from him.

"Never have I seen rock of a color like that!" he cried. "Look, how it is like the first leaf buds of the cottonwood trees. Is there more like this, my son?" and his old eyes gleamed bright as the stars at night.

"There is all of a rocky ledge of it," answered Kawani. "If I show it to you, is it two sheep that I get?"

The pleasant-faced man laughed again.

"Lead us to that place of the green rock, and in your hands we will give two whole sheep," he said, but again Kawani spoke quickly:

"Not into my hands, but into the hands of my mother you will give them—over there she lives—on the big mesa."

"It is well," answered the old medicine man be-

fore the other could speak, and his eagerness was very plain to see. "It is well that the sheep we have are nearer to that mesa than to this place, so we will take them to the house of your mother—and now, where is that green rock? Is it a place that is near to here? For we will have a need for it this very night."

Kawani looked back the way they had come through the little hills. From this place every hill looked to be as like the others as two feathers in the wing of a bird. He shook his head uncertainly.

"Maybe on a horse," he said slowly, "maybe on a horse we could do it in a little while." But in his mind he was saying, "Is it that farthest hill or the one on the other side?" and while he thought these things the man went away to get the horse.

CHAPTER VI

THE GREEN ROCK

Little brothers of the sky
If you were not up so high
Maybe I could come to you
And light my golden candle too.

YAZHE waited in the place where Kawani had left her, and the little burro nibbled grass contentedly. They could hear some of the words that were said by the two men and Kawani, but it was a very different thing that made Yazhe suddenly stand still like a little bush and made her heart beat so fast that her breath felt as if it came in pants like the breath of a little dog that has been running very fast. When Kawani began speaking with the men there was a something that had moved sharply up on the side of a little hill, and Yazhe saw it move. At first she thought that there was a man on a horse, and then she saw the horse very clearly with no man on it, but before she could wonder at that the face of the man came like a little spot in the

leaves of a bush near to the horse, and he was watching Kawani and the two men who talked.

It was very clear that the man did not see her; he did not look back into the shadowy place where she was standing at all, and he was too far away for her to see if it was a man she had ever seen before. But why did a man watch like that? It made a queer feeling to come in her throat, and a little tremble began to shake her all over, but she did not know why. Not ever did Yazhe have fear thoughts for herself, but all of a sudden now it was a very big fear thought for Kawani that came into her heart, and it was a new feeling that she did not like.

When the men who were talking to Kawani stopped talking and went to get a horse for him the man in the bush was still watching, but when Yazhe turned to see if Kawani would come back to the place where she was standing and then looked back again up to that little hill the man and the horse were both gone and the bush was still shaking its leaves to show the place where he had been. She could not tell whether he had gone over the top of the little hill or around the curve of it. There were rocks and bushes and little trees everywhere, and it was a very easy thing to hide in a place like

this. But he was not hiding—somehow she was very sure of that—he had gone; and the big fear thought that had come with him grew even bigger when he was gone, and that was a queer thing too.

Kawani laughed when she ran to him and told him about the man.

"I have no fear of a look," he said, "and there is no one who would have a reason to do a harm to me. Why are your eyes big like the eyes of an owl? What is it that you think about that man?"

"Maybe he is not gone," said Yazhe, and she looked hard at the bush where the man had been.

"Show me that place," cried Kawani, "and I will go and see"; and he ran up the little hill when Yazhe had told him the place, and he shook the bush to show how it was empty. But when he did that he suddenly grew quiet, and the smile look went out of his face, and he bent down and picked up a thing that she could not see.

"What is it?" cried Yazhe, and she ran as fast as she could toward him.

Kawani did not make an answer of words, but he held up what he had found so that she could see it plainly. It was a green feather, bright and shining —very different from the feather of any bird that

she had ever seen, but Yazhe knew where that feather had come from, and Kawani knew.

"It was Hah-ko!" she cried, but her voice did not come very far out of her throat. "It was Hah-ko who went on that horse!"

Kawani was silent for a little, and there was a frown now on his face, and then he nodded:

"Yes," he said, "it was Hah-ko, and it was Hah-ko who rode away on the little hills that other time and did not stay for us to see him."

"Hi!" cried a voice then from down where they had been. "Here is the horse—why do you roost up there on the side of a hill like two brown squirrels?" The two men were looking up at them very curiously, and the pleasant-faced one called again:

"How is this? A little while ago there was one, and now there are two. Are you a magic one to make things come like that?"

"In a little more another will come," answered Yazhe before Kawani could speak, and there was a little twinkle on the inside of her that made answer to the twinkle that they saw very plainly in the eyes of the man. "A very gray one will come. He is gray, but he is not very old."

"Where is he?" asked the man, looking in every

direction. "And why are there little ones and gray ones that come all of a sudden to this place from nowhere at all? Is it a mystery thing that happens, or is there a tale that we may know?"

"I will tell you," said Kawani, this time before Yazhe could make the answer. "I will tell you all of it, but I will not tell you now, for if we do not go quickly we will not find that green-rock place before the dark is here."

"Ai, let us go then," cried the man. He was on a horse and led another one by a thong, but the medicine man did not have a horse, and it was plain that he would not go.

"I will go too," said Yazhe in a low voice to Kawani. "This horse will carry two ones very easily when one is little, like me."

"Do you remember that place?" asked Kawani eagerly. "The hill where the green rock was?"

"I think, yes, I remember that place," said Yazhe, and she gave a quick little look at the face of Kawani, and then she smiled. "The gray one will stay here with the old man, and when we come back we will have food to eat," she said wisely, and on the inside of her she was glad at that thought, for pinyon nuts do not make a meal that lasts for al-

ways. So they got on the horse the man was holding, Kawani first and Yazhe close behind him with her hands tight in his woven belt; and when they turned back up the little valley with the ribbon of sand Kawani felt very glad for the words of Yazhe that she remembered where that hill of the green rock was, because now everything seemed to be turned around the wrong way, and he saw things that he had not seen before, and when they came out of the little valley into the green hills again Yazhe saw a thing too that made her give a jump of excitement.

"There is a hogan," she cried, "over that way behind the hill"; and they all looked and saw it, and saw a thread of blue smoke that rose high above it and wavered in the light wind. "Maybe it is there that my grandmother has gone!" she cried again and gave a little kick of her heels to the horse to make him to go faster. And the pleasant-faced man looked at them strangely when they turned to go to the hogan, but he followed on his horse and did not ask any questions at that time.

But they could not go straight to the hogan: it was on another hill, and there were many steep places to climb; but after a while they reached it and called out for anyone who was there to come

out. But no one came and there were no horses or sheep around the outside, and it seemed to be a very old place where people had not lived for a long time.

"But there is a fire," said Yazhe. "Where there is a fire there is a someone to make it." But there was not a someone to make this one, or that someone had gone away. There was no one in the hogan, and the fire was almost dead; it had burned down to gray ashes with only one little red eye of flame in the middle that blinked brightly for a moment and then was gone too. The pleasant-faced man and Kawani and Yazhe had got down from their horses and were looking with large eyes about the place for signs of anyone who might have been there, but there was nothing at all to tell who it could have been.

"There are marks in the dust," said Kawani, "but who can tell whether they are grandmother marks or other ones?"

"I have found this," said the pleasant-faced man, and he held up a bright green feather for them to see.

"This was by the door," he said, and Kawani and Yazhe both at the very same moment gave a quick little cry of surprise, and the man opened his eyes wide as he heard it.

"It is Hah-ko again!" cried Kawani. "It is he who has been here."

"Always it is Hah-ko," said Yazhe then. "Always when we look for my grandmother we find Hah-ko."

"You must tell me," said the man then, "tell me quickly what is all this thing that has so much that is strange in it, so much that I cannot understand"; and Kawani and Yazhe, both speaking together much of the time, told him about the going away of the grandmother and of the strange actions of Hah-ko and of the others, and the man listened very carefully to what they said, and a strange look came into his eyes.

"It may be," he said when they had ended, "it may very well be that this Hah-ko knows more than he will say of where this grandmother is."

"But why is that?" cried Yazhe. "Why would he know and not tell to the others?"

"It may be that I am not very wise," said the pleasant-faced man, "but to me it would seem a very likely thing that this Hah-ko would himself take that Katchina and let others think that it was a witch thing. And then, maybe, he would send the grandmother away so that she would not be there to answer when many things were asked."

The face of Kawani grew very red with a great anger.

"Do you think that is a true thing?" he asked fiercely. "It is strange I did not think of that. And that is why he had *these*"—he struck at the green feathers with his hand—"which were kept always on that sacred shrine place. If that is true there are things that we must do."

"Yes," said Yazhe, and there was red now in her own little cheeks. "Now, more than before, we must find that grandmother."

"We must find her," agreed Kawani, "but I think now it would be better to have others with us, we must go back to that mesa and tell them this thing, and then they will come with us and hunt for that grandmother, but more they will hunt for Hah-ko."

The pleasant-faced one had a frown of deep thought on his face. "I remember now," he said, "how there was talk this very day of an old woman who passed this way."

Yazhe gave a little cry as he said the words. "It was a man who said it," he went on, "one of those who cut logs for that medicine hogan, but he has gone back now to the place where he lives."

"But what was it that he said?" cried Yazhe.

"Did he say the way that old woman was going?"

The pleasant-faced man thought for a moment, and then he nodded his head. "It was that trail that goes into the desert," he said. "It is the only one, and she was on a little horse."

"Maybe then it was not my grandmother," said Yazhe doubtfully. "She does not have a little horse."

"That I do not know," said the man, "but this one asked many things about an old wise one who lives in the desert. A wise one who lives now in a different place from the place where she lived before, and this old woman came from the mesa—that I know."

"Oh," cried Yazhe again, "it must be that it was my grandmother. And did the man know where that wise one lives?"

"Over yonder, he said," and the man waved his hand vaguely toward the desert. "When you have found that wise one I think maybe you will find that grandmother, and there is but one way to find her—I will show you how the trail goes into the desert—back the way we have come. It may be that this Hah-ko hunts too for that grandmother to see that she does not return too quickly to the mesa top."

"Oh," cried Yazhe, and there was alarm now in her voice, "we must go *now*, Kawani, and find my grandmother—we must go very quickly."

"It is well," said the man. "It is better that you go for that than that you hunt for the green-rock place. I think maybe that small piece you have brought will do for this one time, and you can come again and find that place—but now you must come first to the hogan place for water and for food, for you cannot go without that."

"But the green-rock place is there," and Yazhe pointed to a place. "When we saw that hogan it made a forget to come, but I saw how the green-rock place was there." And it was true. Just around the corner of the hill from the hogan was that ledge of green rock, and the man made haste to break off pieces, which he put carefully into the sash-thing about his waist, and then they turned their horses back again into the little valley place and rode quickly back to the new hogan they had left.

"I will give to you that horse to ride," the man said to them as they went. "Afterward you will bring him back to me. He will go faster than a little gray one, and then maybe you will find the grandmother more quickly."

They took very little time to eat and to drink at the hogan place and there was not time to explain things to the old medicine man, who looked at them with such a great surprise in his face that Yazhe almost laughed at the look of him, but she did not quite laugh, for always now in her mind was the thought of that old grandmother who was alone in the desert with so little thought of the evil one who followed. And almost she forgot to give thanks to the pleasant-faced man when he put into her hand a package of food and a little black bottle of water and said many kind words to the two of them as they rode away on the trail that he pointed out and on the horse that was his—into the low sunlight of almost evening.

And now they rode with a very different feeling than they had had before; now there was not time to look at the beautiful rocks painted rose and gold by the setting sun, or the far blue buttes against the horizon (now they rode out into the desert again and could see great distances), or the little gray hawk that circled high over their heads—now there was only time to keep straight on this trail through the sage and to think hard of how they must find that grandmother before Hah-ko found her.

"What would he do?" asked Yazhe in a little while, letting the thoughts that were in her mind come into words. "What would that Hah-ko do if he found my grandmother?"

"I think," said Kawani with a little frown between his eyes, "he would make lie talk, maybe, to get her to stay away. I do not know what he would say. Or maybe he would shut her tight in some hogan where no one would find her very soon, but if it is true what that pleasant-faced man says, he will not let her to come back until he has had the time to get away where our people cannot find him."

"I think it is true what he says." Yazhe spoke very surely. "I think that is why those green feathers were in his belt."

Kawani did not answer, but the look in his eyes said very much, and he gave a word to the horse and a little kick to make him to go faster. It had come into his mind that if Hah-ko shut that old woman in a hogan there would be no one to let her out, and maybe she would die without food and water.

When the dark had come and they could not see the trail any longer Kawani made a camp-place, as he had made the night before, and after Yazhe had eaten some of the food given them by the pleasant-faced

man she curled up on a bunchy bed of sagebrush and went fast asleep. But Kawani did not go to sleep. There was an uneasy feeling that made his eyes feel as if never could they go to sleep again, and for a long time he sat by the little fire thinking. He would like to have ridden all through the night, and that is what he would have done if he had surely known the place where they were going, but he did not know that, and it would not be easy to follow a strange trail in the dark, and it would be very bad to get lost now.

The night was without a moon, and the little star brothers seemed so close that Kawani thought they were like silver spiders that hung low on webs that he could not see and the night air was like dew on crystal with a spicy tang to it that tasted good on the tongue. It was a night when it was good to be awake, and presently Kawani stood up and reached his hands high to those twinkling star brothers, but as he stood there, low to one side he saw a little winking light that was not a star, and for a moment he watched it—wondering. And then a thought shot into his mind quick as light. "It is the grandmother," said that thought, but swiftly following it came another: "It is Hah-ko who is

there!" And then, almost before he knew what he was going to do he gave one quick look at Yazhe and saw that she was very sound asleep and then began to walk swiftly and noiselessly toward that low, red light.

It was farther than he thought—always on the desert things are like that: the air is so clear and so sharp that very far-away things look to be near at hand. He walked until he was breathing quickly before he was near to that little fire—for it was a fire by a rock out in the open, as he had thought it would be, and by the fire he saw—a man! When he saw that it was a man he stood still for a moment in the shadow of a little mesquite bush and tried to see if the man was awake or asleep. But there was no way he could tell, for he was as still as the rock by which he sat, and his face was turned so that it was in shadow; but a horse which had been standing near to the man put up his head suddenly and made a queer nicker-sound, and the man jumped to his feet. For just a little moment the man stood still, and then he began to walk quickly toward the place where Kawani crouched behind the bush.

Kawani could have run, at that first, but he thought surely the man would not see him behind

the bush, and then, when he knew that he *did* see him, he felt as if his feet were great rocks that could not move from the place where he stood. It was Hah-ko who came, and whose hand made a grab for him as soon as he was very close. But when Kawani felt those fingers closing on his arm the strange heaviness went out of his feet, and he jumped away just in time to miss those clutching fingers. But Hah-ko was as quick as he and sprang forward and caught him in his arms before he could get away.

"Hi!" he cried with his lips almost against the face of Kawani. "Little rats that spy in the night are caught in traps—like this!" and he squeezed the body of Kawani until it felt as if his bones cracked, and he cried out with the pain of it, but he fought, fiercely kicking the legs of Hah-ko and tearing at him with his hands; but it was of no use, for Hah-ko was big and strong and threw him on the ground and bound his arms and legs with thong almost before he knew what was the thing that happened. When he was bound and helpless Hah-ko stood over him and laughed.

"This little rat did not need even the bait in the trap," he said, with an ugly twist of his lips. "Soon

or late I would have caught you but you have made it an easy thing." His face grew suddenly darker. "Now tell me," and by the look in his eyes Kawani knew that there was a very great meaning in his words, "tell me what is this thing that you know about me?" and he waited for an answer.

"I do not know about you," answered Kawani quietly, as quietly as he could with that great pounding in his veins. "I think many things, and they are not good, and some day I will know." The eyes of Hah-ko narrowed into little slits, and he bent down close to Kawani.

"Then why do you follow me," he said, "like a coyote that follows after men to pick up the bones that they throw away?"

"I do not follow you," answered Kawani firmly. "You are the one that follows after that grandmother."

"Hi!" laughed Hah-ko and threw back his head and laughed again up to the sky. "What do I care where that grandmother goes?" And then he looked again closely at Kawani with those narrowed eyes. "If you tell true," he said in a low voice, "I will not kill you. At the first I thought I would do that, but now I will not kill you. Only you must go back

—do you hear? If once more I find that you follow on my trail I will kill you!"

Now Kawani was silent; there were no words that would come to his lips, and besides there was no good that words could do.

Hah-ko looked at him for a little while longer, as if he thought over in his mind what would be the thing that he would do, and then, at last, he gave a kick to him.

"Lie there," he said in a harsh voice. "Lie there until the morning, and then I will see if a kindness comes to me to let you go"; and he walked back to his little fire, and when the dawn had come he came over near to Kawani again and threw a knife on the ground just out of the reach of his hands.

"When I am gone you can use that to cut the thong," he sneered. "And do not forget, if again you travel the trail that I go you will then travel a longer one that has no end"; and he got on his horse and rode away, and not once again did he look toward the place where Kawani lay in the sage.

But not for long after Hah-ko had gone did Kawani lie in that place. With great difficulty he moved over to the spot where the knife was lying on the ground and pushed it in between two rocks, where

he could rub the thong against the blade until, after a little while, it parted, and he stood free again and stamped the tingling blood back into his legs and arms. And then very quickly he was running like a deer back toward the little camp-place where he had left Yazhe asleep in the sage. When he reached the place there was the little fire burned to gray ashes now, and the sagebrush where Yazhe had slept, and the horse watching him with anxious eyes, but Yazhe was gone!

For a moment Kawani could not believe that his eyes told him true. He scattered the sage and looked on every side of every rock and little tree that stood near, but Yazhe was not there!

Then he stood up and looked toward the desert, but the trail went down over great rocks and off into a country of scrub oaks and mesquite and sage as tall as his head, and beyond that were buttes of many shapes and sandy washes that grew almost into canyons in many places. Yazhe had gone!

But then quickly a smile feeling came to his mind: she could not have gone away far, for there was the horse. It must be that she was looking for pinyon nuts or berries in the bushes near at hand. He called to her—but there was no answer. He

called more loudly—and a big fear thought came then into his mind. Maybe Hah-ko had come this way. But just as quickly he remembered that Hah-ko had turned the head of his horse in a direction that led away from this place, and he was glad that he had remembered that. Slowly now he climbed up on the back of the horse and made him to go on that trail that led down into the desert. It must be that Yazhe had gone that way—there was no other way to go.

CHAPTER VII

THE NAVAJO CAMP

No trail has ever gone so far
As I would go.
And in the sky the highest star
Is almost low
To dreams of mine that farther sail
Than any end of any trail.

KAWANI rode slowly on the trail out into the desert and looked carefully many times for any sign of Yazhe. Every little while he would stop the horse and would look back to the place he had left to see again if she was there—but she was not there, and she was not on the trail, and his heart felt like a piece of heavy stone that did not belong on the inside of him at all. Where could Yazhe have gone? And why would she go away without him? It was a thing he could not understand and a thing that had never happened before. Now it was not for the grandmother that he hunted, nor for Hah-ko. Some day maybe he would find both of them, and when he was strong and grown to be a man he

would fight Hah-ko and tie him with thongs until he called out that he never again would do evil things; but now it was for Yazhe that he hunted, and he would not stop until he had found her.

The light of morning was a very beautiful thing on the desert, but Kawani did not see how it was beautiful; his eyes looked only for marks in the trail that would show the way a little girl had gone, but the trail was over rocks that held no sign of any footmark, and after a time he came to a place where there were two trails—one that went to the side of his left hand and one that went to the right, and there was nothing at all to show him which was the one he should go. He stood for a long moment in that place of the two trails and looked as far as he could in either direction but each trail was lost very quickly behind great rocks that stood higher than a man on a horse, and no little voice on the inside of him told him which was the one that Yazhe had gone; and so, after a while, he gave a little kick to the horse and made him go and did not guide him with the thong, and the horse went the way to the left without one time turning his head to the other trail. And after a little Kawani made him go faster, and the heavy feeling on the inside

of him began to go away, for he felt that now surely he would find Yazhe, and she would tell him why she had done this strange thing. The horse too went very differently and pricked up his ears as if there were something he could hear.

They rode until it seemed that surely the day must be half gone, and yet when Kawani looked at the sun he saw it just coming up over the blue hills, and he knew that it was the things in his mind that had made the time seem so long, and then he saw four Navajo hogans by a big red rock, and there were sheep and horses and wagons near by. And as he came nearer he saw men and women and little children and many dogs running about, and he looked eagerly to see if Yazhe was there, but as he came close a very strange thing happened, for everybody went away from the hogans and went swiftly out into the desert in every direction, laughing and talking as they went. Some rode away on horses, and others were only on foot, and even the women and children were with them, and one or two called out a greeting to Kawani as they passed, but they did not stop; and when he came up to the hogans only one old woman without any teeth was there and three very small children that could not go

with the others. The woman did not see him when he came close, and Kawani called to her three times before she heard him. She was gathering sticks to make a fire under a great iron pot, and finally, when he called very loudly, she gave a little jump and looked up.

"Eh!" she cried. "And why have you come back so soon?"

"I have not come back," called Kawani, and he jumped down from his horse as he said it. "I have never been in this place before this time."

"Eh!" said the old woman again, and she dropped her sticks and put up her hand to shade her eyes that she might see him the more clearly.

"Where have all the people gone?" asked Kawani. "Why have they run away into the desert?"

The old woman laughed shrilly at his words.

"Maybe it was because they had a fear of you," she laughed. "Maybe that was the reason, and maybe it was because they go to hunt for rabbits. See how the pot is empty."

Kawani nodded, but there was a look in his face that puzzled the old woman.

"And why are you here?" she asked. "You have come here with a look in the face that would make

She was gathering sticks to make a fire

rain to come when the sky is clear—why do you have a look like that?"

"I look here for a little girl," said Kawani eagerly then, "a very little girl with hair that is black."

The old woman stared more curiously than before.

"Many little girls are here," and she cackled again with laughter, "and all with black hair. How could the hair of a little girl have any color but black?"

"But this little girl would be strange to you, and she would ask many questions," urged Kawani, and the old woman did not laugh now.

"What questions would she ask?" she asked cautiously. "Why would she ask questions?"

"About an old woman," answered Kawani. "She would ask if an old grandmother had come this way."

The woman looked at him for a little then without speaking.

"No little girl has come here," she said finally, "no little girl who asks about a grandmother."

"Has the grandmother come?" asked Kawani, but he had no great hope that she would answer this time.

The old woman was curiously silent when he asked that question and looked at him with eyes

that seemed almost to make little holes to come in him. They were needle sharp, those eyes, and asked questions that were more than words.

"Why do you ask about a grandmother?" she asked after a long silence. "Is it that she is *your* grandmother?"

"No," Kawani answered almost sadly. "She is the grandmother of Yazhe—and Yazhe is lost, and that grandmother is lost. On the mesa they say that she is a witch woman—that grandmother."

"She is *not* a witch woman," came quickly from the old woman; "and if you say that I will not tell you where she is gone. She is good, and she is my friend."

"I know how she is not a witch woman," answered Kawani eagerly, "and that is why I am come here —to tell her how they wait for her on the mesa top and say that she is a witch. The Katchina of the Rains is gone from the kiva, and the baby of Saiya cries always, and they say that grandmother has done it with a bad magic; but I know how that is not true. But they will not believe the words that I say when I tell that it is not true. Maybe if I can find that grandmother she will know the thing to do."

The old woman still eyed him curiously.

"And this Yazhe?" she asked then. "Why do you

say that she is lost?" And Kawani told her as he had told the pleasant-faced man all the things that had happened since the grandmother had gone away, and the old woman watched him closely as he spoke and shook her head many times and made sounds with her tongue in the place where her teeth once were; and when he had finished there were wet drops in her eyes.

"Eh—eh," she said then. "That is very bad. The grandmother maybe I can tell you about, for she has come to this place, but the little one, that is different. No, I do not know about that Yazhe. But it must be she is safe." She looked up brightly when she said that. "That Great Spirit has always a care for those little ones—you will see how she is safe."

"Where is that grandmother now if she has been in this place?" asked Kawani. "Surely she has not gone to hunt the rabbits with all those other ones?"

"No—" the old woman showed him a row of toothless gums in a wide smile at his words—"no, that is not where she has gone. She came to me to ask things about an old wise one who lives in the desert, and it is there that she has gone—to that hogan of the wise one."

"And where is that hogan?" Kawani asked it eagerly, for a sudden thought had come into his mind. It might be that in some strange way Yazhe had found out about that hogan and had gone there in the night. But the old woman shook her head slowly.

"I can tell you where to find those who will know where it is—that is what I told to that grandmother. But that wise one has gone away from the place where always she has lived—over there," and she made a motion with her lips toward the little hills. "She said how she must find a place that is near to the Silent Ones and where many people will not always come, and so she is in a new place that I do not know. But if you will follow the way of that trail," she showed him a trail in the sage that led away from the hogans toward great red buttes that he could see in the desert, "it will bring you to the hogan of one who knows that wise one well, and he will tell you. It was to him that I sent that grandmother when she came here."

Kawani frowned in deep thought.

"But if Yazhe has not come to here she does not go to that hogan."

The old woman was thinking too.

"There is a place on the trail that you have come that goes two ways—like this," and she held up two fingers, one crossed over the other.

"Yes," nodded Kawani eagerly, "I remember that place."

"If that Yazhe did not come this way," went on the old woman, "it may be she has gone the other part of that trail."

Kawani did not wait for her to say one other word more: he jumped on his horse and turned his head back the way he had come.

"Hi!" called the old woman. "I have food here!" but he did not stop.

"I am not hungry now," he called back, and already he was riding fast on the trail, and the old woman knew he would not hear her if she called again. Once again her mouth opened in a wide, toothless smile, and then she bent down and began again to gather sticks for the fire.

And this is the thing that had happened to Yazhe:

When Kawani had gone away to find out about that little low light in the desert Yazhe was sleeping very soundly on the bed of sagebrush that he had made. Like a little dog she slept, for she was very

tired, and no noise that came made the very least difference to her, so when, a very long time after Kawani had gone, there came the rumble and grind of wheels on rocks and the stumble of horses' hoofs and the little other noises made by a wagon moving through sage on a narrow trail with a man calling in a low voice to the horses, Yazhe did not hear, and she slept as soundly as ever. And when the wagon came close to the little flickering fire the man stopped suddenly with an exclamation of surprise, and then he saw Yazhe asleep on the sage bush, and he grunted again with his mouth hanging open. It was old Mah-pee-ti the sheep herder, who came with his wagon, and he was on his way to the canyon trading post with a great load of sheepskins. He came this roundabout way, as he had been to the sheep killing on the ranch in the little blue hills and had not been near the big mesa for many a long day. So he had heard none of this talk of witch woman and bad magic, and he would not have believed it if he had heard it—and on this trail was the hogan of his sister, where he would stop before he came to the trading post.

Mah-pee-ti knew Yazhe very well, and to him it was a strange thing to find her here alone in the

desert with only a little fire to keep watch for her, for he could not see even the horse that had hobbled a little way off behind some mesquite bushes. And Mah-pee-ti scratched his head in a great perplexity as to what to do. Surely her grandmother could not know that she was here, and why should she come so far away from the mesa by herself and not even a blanket to cover her? When he thought that, old Mah-pee-ti decided suddenly in his mind what he would do, and he carefully picked up Yazhe in his arms and made a little nest for her in the soft bundles of sheepskins in his wagon, and Yazhe gave one little sigh in her sleep and settled very comfortably down under the warm woolly skins and went more soundly asleep than before. And old Mah-pee-ti, with a satisfaction in his eyes, gave a little slap to his horses and went on his way to the hogan of his sister, where he would stop before he came to the trading store.

"Jog—jog—jog," went the feet of the horses of Mah-pee-ti through the night, and the more the old wagon bumped and rattled over stones and rough places, and the more it went sliding down into sandy washes and pulled, bumping, up the other side, the deeper Yazhe slept, until suddenly, with

an extra rattle and stamping of the horses, it came to a heavy stop before the shadowy hogan that was of the sister of Mah-pee-ti. And that sister came out into the night, very sleepy too, and holding high a lantern that gave hardly any light at all; but it was enough for her to see a great gray creature that rose slowly from the back of the wagon and looked like nothing she had ever seen in dreams or awake. And she dropped that lantern and gave a cry that filled all the night and ran back into her hogan. And Mah-pee-ti laughed so hard that it took him many minutes to explain that it was only a very little girl under some skins of sheep—a little girl who was so sleepy that when she was carried into the hogan and put on the bed of that sister of Mah-pee-ti she went sound asleep again and in the morning remembered nothing of what had happened.

And when Yazhe waked up in that morning she blinked her eyes three times before she could believe that they told her a true thing. For instead of the little crackly fire and Kawani, here was a hogan with a woman in it and a little baby boy who looked at her with his fist stuck in his mouth. The woman smiled when Yazhe opened her eyes and brought to her a big bowl of goat's milk with some piki bread.

"Mah-pee-ti has gone," she said. "You are to stay with me until he comes this way again"; and Yazhe opened her eyes wider than ever at those words.

"Mah-pee-ti?" she asked wonderingly. "Why do you say that Mah-pee-ti has gone?"

The woman laughed at the way her eyes were round like little cups.

"Maybe you do not know," she said then. "I think maybe that sleep has made you to forget. I will tell you what it is that has happened." And when she had told it all, still Yazhe did not understand.

"But Kawani?" she asked eagerly. "Where is Kawani?"

It was the woman now who opened wide her eyes.

"Who is Kawani?" she asked. "I do not know about that one." And when Yazhe had explained that he was with her by the little fire and there was also a horse, the woman shook her head in perplexity. "I do not understand that," she said. "I know how Mah-pee-ti is old, but never have I thought how he was blind. He has said that you were all alone in that place, and that was why he brought you here. There was no boy and no horse."

Yazhe jumped up from the bed of blankets where she had been sitting.

"I must go and find him," she cried. "He will think that I am lost. I must go back to that place now and find him."

"But he is not there," said the woman. "I told you how he is not there, and Mah-pee-ti does not make lie talk—he has eyes that can see like an owl in the dark. If there was a boy he will look for you, he will come here on the trail. You must wait here, for Mah-pee-ti has said that."

"Maybe he will come here," said Yazhe, and then suddenly there was a something that began to dance in her feet. "I will go and meet him," she cried. "That would be a better thing. Look how everything in all that desert is going somewhere." She had looked through the door of the hogan, and there were little white clouds racing across the sky with shadows that followed over the sage, and tumbleweeds rolling in the sunlight, and spirals of dust dancing after them—everything seemed to be dancing and singing, and it was not a possible thing to stay still while that was so. The woman smiled at the dancing light that came in her eyes, and a look came into her own eyes that said very plainly that she understood.

"Do not get lost," she called after Yazhe, for already she was running through the sage with her face held high to the sweet fresh wind. "Do not get lost, and if you find that boy come back to here—there will be meat cooking in the pot." And the baby stood in the doorway on wide, fat legs and looked after her, and not once did he take his fist out of his mouth.

And so, with Kawani who comes this way on that trail and Yazhe who goes that other way, anyone would think that there was only one thing that could happen—that they would very surely meet in the middle part. But that is not the thing that happened—you shall see!

CHAPTER VIII

THE TRAIL IN THE DESERT

On the wings of the morning I'll ride to-day,
Over the tops of the hills and away,
As far as the farthest edge of the sky
And a great way farther—and twice as high!

THIS was a very nice trail. It was the kind of a trail that makes your feet do a little jiggy dance as they go; the kind of a trail that says very plainly in trail talk, so that anyone at all can understand:

"I am leading you to adventure things. Keep your eyes very open so that they will see them when they come."

And Yazhe did that very thing, she kept her eyes so wide open that she saw a bushy little black head behind a big gray bunch of sage almost before it knew that it was there itself!

At first she thought that maybe it was Kawani, but then she knew it could not be. The hair of Kawani was black like this hair but it was smooth, too, and had a shiny look in the sun; and this hair did not have a shiny look, and the head of Kawani came up very

much higher than this one. This one was lower even than her own, so it must be the head of a very little one. She stopped when she saw it. She wanted very much to go close and see what was below that head, but before she could move she saw two round black eyes looking at her through the sage below that black hair, and she smiled when she saw them.

"Yah-ti" (which means almost the same as hello), said a little voice from behind the sage, and Yazhe came a little closer.

"Yah-ti," she said in answer to that voice, and then the little girl came out from behind the bush, and Yazhe saw that she was a very little one and very round, with wondering eyes and a mouth like a little red button. They were both very shy at first, and then Yazhe said:

"What is it that you do behind that bush?" and when the little one pointed with her lips she came closer to see what was there. And then she saw many things that she had not seen before. There was a hogan that had been hidden by the trees and bushes, and near it a weaving loom hung from a limb, and there were baskets and pots and rugs hanging, and all the things that show when people have been living a long time in one place. But the very little

girl had a small jar of water, and she had been mixing it into muddy cakes on the ground. When she showed this place to Yazhe her little hands began twisting a tassel of her sash, and she looked shyly down to the ground.

"I make good things to eat," she said in a very small voice, and then she ran and picked up something from the ground "This is a seed cake," she said and put it into the hand of Yazhe. It was a little cake of mud that had been baked hard and dry in the sun, and the little girl watched her anxiously to see what she would do with it.

"I *like* seed cakes," said Yazhe. "I can make them too. See how I can make them," and before you could take two breaths—even very short ones—they were there on the ground playing together as if always they had been the very best of friends, and Yazhe forgot that she was to find Kawani, and she forgot that somewhere out in that desert her grandmother was wandering just a very little bit ahead of Hah-ko, and she forgot that she was far away from the home mesa, and remembered only that it was very nice to make seed cakes of clay that stuck in little dabs to her hands and to her dress and her face and her hair. But in a little while she remembered some-

thing else, for a loud voice spoke to her in such a sharp way that she jumped to her feet quickly and stood looking at the woman who spoke. The woman had caught hold of her arm with her words, and she gave a shake with each word that sent little splatters of mud everywhere over the place.

"Where have *you* come from?" she cried. "I do not like strange ones to come to this place. Not *ever* do I like that. Strange ones must not play with my little one—my little Moo-jie. How do I know that you are not a thief one? A thief one has come here and has taken the silver beads of Moo-jie—look how they are gone! How do I know that *you* are not that one?"

"I am *not* a thief one!" said Yazhe. "*Never* would I take a thing that was not of me!"

"I do not know," said the woman doubtfully. "When I look at you I think I do not know. Where, then, have gone those little beads of Moo-jie?"

"I do not know," answered Yazhe, and there was a very angry feeling on the inside of her for this woman. The little Moo-jie stood by her mother, but she did not speak one word, and she looked down at the very plump middle part of herself where the silver beads very surely had hung a little while ago.

And now they were gone—that was plain to see—but not for one moment did she think that Yazhe had taken them, but the mother thought a very different thing, and she put her hands on the little bulging front of the waist of Yazhe and all over her to see if the beads could be there, and every moment the angry feeling grew larger and larger on the inside of Yazhe, until now she felt that it was a very much bigger thing than she was herself. She stamped her little foot in the dust.

"Let me go!" she cried, and in her eyes she could feel little hot drops that burned like fire. "I will tell all those people in the pueblo that *this* is the place where that witch woman lives."

The woman stepped away from her as if she had been pushed, and her mouth dropped very wide open.

"Go!" she cried. "Go—I think it is that the Chindi has sent you here!" and she put her arm around the little one as if she feared that Yazhe would harm her.

This was a terrible thing. Yazhe felt that it was the most terrible thing that had ever happened—that anyone should have a fear of her. A choke feeling came into her throat, and the little hot drops

ran down over her cheeks, but she did not care about that. She walked away from the hogan, out on the trail again into the desert, and she remembered now suddenly that Kawani was lost. Surely this was the most terrible day that ever had come to anyone. On the trail very near to the hogan was a newly dug-up place in the dust where Moo-jie had come to get fresh clay for her seed cakes and beside the dug-up place was a something that looked white and shiny like little stars at night. She blinked as she saw this thing, and then she stooped down and picked it up. And then her feet turned her slowly around, and she walked back to where the woman was standing by the hogan with her arm still around the little one who watched Yazhe with eyes like black coals in a fire.

"Here are those bead things of Moo-jie," said Yazhe in a voice that did not have the sound of her own voice. "I found them in the trail place—there," and she made a motion toward the place where they had been lying. And then the little Moo-jie made a jump and pulled away from her mother and ran to Yazhe and threw her arms tight about her.

"This is *not* a thief one!" she cried. "She is very good, and I will give to her those silver beads."

The mother looked at Yazhe, and a little look of shame came into her eyes.

"I said a thing too quick," she said. "Always it is like that. I have a great fear of thief ones." Her voice trembled. "A thief one came here—a long time ago—and took my little baby. It must be that he took it, for it was gone, and never have I found it again. And always now I have fear for my little Moo-jie. I have a sorry place that I said those things, and I know that you are not a thief one."

Yazhe bent far down over the little Moo-jie so that the woman could not see how her eyes and cheeks were wet, and then the woman came close and put her hand on the head of Yazhe.

"Maybe you will not have an anger now that I have told you," she said softly. And when she said that Yazhe looked up into her face and smiled.

"I like this little Moo-jie," she said, and it was all that she could think to say, and the mother turned very quickly away and walked toward the hogan.

"If you will play again," she said, "I will bring seed cakes and goat's milk. See how it is the time of the day to eat again."

And Yazhe and the little Moo-jie began again to

mix the mud into little cakes, and that is why Kawani passed by the hogan place on his horse, for it was well hidden behind the mesquite and the tall sage and he did not meet Yazhe on that trail.

But he went on to another place, where there was water in a little wash, and from the water place there were marks that went away as if a woman or a child had been there, and he followed the marks to a place where a woman was sitting by a big rock. She was a very little woman, and very old, and her shoulders were bent and rounded over like the little whips of bahos (prayer sticks) he had seen so many times on the altar places at home, and she did not see or hear Kawani as he came near to her on his horse.

He watched her for a moment, and then he got down from his horse and tied him to a bush. There was a something curious about the thing that the woman did with her hands, and Kawani came very close before he saw what it was, and even then he did not understand. A little animal that looked like a dog lay in the lap of her dress, and she worked quickly about it with tiny strips of cloth.

When the shadow of Kawani fell like a little cloud

across her lap the old woman gave a jump and a cry, and almost the little animal was spilled out of her dress.

"Eh!" she cried, "but you are like a spirit thing that comes in dreams! There is no sound to you or anything to see at all until you come."

Kawani was grinning at her sudden fright, but he was still very curious about the thing she did.

"Look how it is alive!" he cried, in a sudden surprise as the little dog—for it was a dog—in her lap gave a kick and tried to jump away. The old woman cackled with quick laughter.

"He is alive, and he will run again when that leg of his has woven tight together again," she said. "Ai, but he was broken in pieces when I found him. I do not know what was the thing that had happened, but this little one was lying on the ground when I came by, and he looked at me and did not make a try to run away. It is very good that mending bones is a thing that I know very well how to do. It is the one thing that I can do better than other ones can. Look at this!" and she pointed almost proudly to a very small leg that was bound tightly with strips of cloth. "There are many herbs bound on the inside of that that will make him to be well very quickly."

Kawani did not try to hide the very great admiration that was in his eyes.

"You are like a medicine man—like a wise one of the kiva," he cried. "Not even those wise ones that I know can do a thing like that!"

The old woman laughed again at his words, but she looked at him very keenly with eyes that were as bright as drops of water in the sunlight, and he saw plainly that though maybe her body was old, her eyes and the mind that was behind them were not old.

"Maybe that is so," she said, and then put the little animal very gently on the ground. He gave a queer shake to the leg that was bound and then went hopping out of sight, holding always that bound leg high in the air and shaking it like a thing that was apart from himself. The old woman watched him until he was gone, and then she turned quickly to Kawani.

"Why do you speak of wise ones of the kiva?" she asked. "Do you come from the mesa of the stone houses?"

A queer thing happened then to Kawani. It was like a little voice on the inside of him that said, "Do not talk now, wait to hear what this one will say."

And so he kept his lips closed tight and watched the eyes of the old woman. There was a far-away look in those eyes—a think look that Kawani had seen in the eyes of other ones.

"For a long time I do not see anyone at all from the big mesa top, and then come two." She said it as if she spoke to herself.

"Then Yazhe has been here!" cried Kawani, and the far-away look in the eyes of the woman went away. She looked at him and a twinkly light came where the other one had been.

"Yazhe is the name of a she one," she said. "That is very strange, for the one that I saw had much the look of a man." Kawani felt that his mouth went open. "It was surely a man on a horse that I saw," went on the old woman. "A very little while before you came I saw him. He was from that mesa, for I have seen him when I was there; and he met another man on the trail, a man of the Yammays of the desert."

And now Kawani knew why he had waited to hear the words of the woman. It was Hah-ko who had come, and he must find out why. It was Hah-ko who had said that he knew where to find that grandmother, and it was always Hah-ko who had said

the evil things and made all the trouble to come.

"What was the way that he went?" he asked excitedly, and now it was the old woman who was surprised.

"One time you ask about a she one, and now you ask about the he one," she said. "How many ones is it that you want?" and Kawani saw that he would have to tell her all the things that had happened on the mesa top and after if he would get her to help him, and a thing told him very plainly that she *could* help him if she had the wish to. She listened very carefully to what he had to say and those keen little eyes watched every thought that went across his face. She nodded many times and twice asked questions when his meaning was not clear. When he had finished she sat very quiet for a moment and made little bundles of some green herbs that she had gathered.

"That grandmother one," she said then, very slowly, "I know very well that grandmother one. She is my friend, and the one who says she is a witch is the one who has evil in the heart. She is good. More than other ones she is good, and she is wise beyond the wisdom of many. I do not know why she has gone away, but one thing I can tell to you—

that reason that she has is good. The one who is evil is Hah-ko, and it would be well if we could find him."

"But first it is Yazhe I would find," said Kawani. "The grandmother is gone to a place that she knows, and Hah-ko is strong and is a man, but Yazhe is lost and I must find her"; and he got up from where he had been sitting by the old woman, and the worry look came back to his eyes.

"Wait," said the woman. "It is strange—when you say Yazhe a thing comes to my mind—but not yet can I tell what it is."

"Yazhe is the little one of that grandmother," said Kawani, and the old woman shook her head hard when he said that.

"Little ones are not of grandmothers," she said. "Where are the mother and the father of that Yazhe?"

Kawani frowned in thought.

"I do not know," he said then. "Not ever has Yazhe said words of them. I think maybe they have gone on the long sleep—a long time ago."

But again the old woman shook her head.

"I think that is not so," she said. "I would know if it was so. No, in a little while maybe that remem-

ber will come back. But who is this one that comes?"

Kawani looked up, startled, and at the very moment that he lifted his head Yazhe—for it was Yazhe who came on that trail—gave a little cry and came running.

"How I am *glad!*" she cried breathlessly. "How I am glad that you are found, Kawani! All this day I have looked to find you." And she thought herself that what she said was a very true thing.

"*I* am not that lost one," said Kawani. "It is you who are the lost one, and now you must tell to me the thing that happened."

The old woman was as happy as they that they had found each other, and her eyes were as bright as stars, and so many new wrinkles came into her face with smiling that it looked like a very old, very bumpy walnut shell; and very soon they felt like three old friends who talked together.

"Come," cried the old woman after a little, "we will eat now, and then we will talk. It is the hour for food"; and she squeezed her eyes together and looked up at the sun that was almost straight over them.

Yazhe looked around.

"But where is the hogan that is your home?" she

asked, for only great rocks were in that place, and sage that came only as high as the waist. The woman made a motion toward the little hills.

"Over there is where I live," she said. "It is not near to here. Very early I come here, before the sun is over the edge of the earth, to get the little herbs which grow always where there is water," and she held up for them to see the little bundles of herbs she had gathered. "They are good for the mending of bones, and always that is a thing that I like to do. But I have food here." She walked over to a place and picked up a little bundle tied in a cloth. "There is enough for all of us, and it is good. And while we eat I will think." She looked hard at Yazhe. "You are the little Yazhe. Yes, and there is a something that I know that you will be very glad to know—but not yet will it come into my mind."

"Is it about that grandmother?" asked Yazhe a little timidly. The old woman shook her head uncertainly.

"I think that grandmother does not know," she said. "That much comes to me. But the other part is like a something that is behind a mist. I know how it is there—but wait, I think how it will come out in a little while."

"I have a wish," said Kawani suddenly, "that you would tell to us why it is that you know how to mend bones when they are broken, and who was the one that told you how it is done."

The old woman looked at him quickly, and again came that keen, bright look into her eyes.

"If you would like to hear that I will tell you," she said, and she seemed to be pleased that he had asked. "It is a very strange tale, but you will maybe see how it is true." And when she had given to each of them some piki bread and meat and a few dried peaches she began the telling of that tale.

CHAPTER IX

A CURIOUS TALE

Only rocks are in this place,
And even they are gray;
Not ever birds will build their nests,
Nor even hares will run,
And when the winds come whirling close
They only whisper low.

THE old woman laughed a little before she began her story.

"It is almost a funny thing now to say it," she said, looking down at the little, very old body of herself, "but one time I was young like you," and she nodded at Yazhe, "and like yours were my eyes then, full of that wonder thought that is as big as all the world. And I was little like that when the very first part of this story thing began to happen to me. The place where I lived then was not very far from this place —over there—" she waved a hand toward those same little hills—"almost in the place where now is my hogan. There were many hogans there at that time. It was a place of water and was good for the sheep,

so many people lived in it: a chief one who was good, and others who took the care of the sheep and weaving of blankets and digging in the fields of corn that we had. They liked more to stay in one place in those days than now. In the hogan of my mother lived my father and mother and grandmother (the mother of my father) and the little brother that I loved and I. And we were very happy.

"There were many sings and rabbit chases and dances of ceremony, even as in these days, and we went to every one, even when they were very far away and it took many days to get to the place. My mother would ride on a horse, and when my brother was very little he would ride with her in a papoose carrier on the side of the horse or in a shawl tied to her back, and I would ride holding tight to the loose of her dress, and my father would ride on another horse, and we would go very fast over rocks and sand and through the trees in some places and up and down the little hills, laughing and talking and singing with happiness always. And always there would be many others who rode the same way that we rode, and when night came we would make little shelter places in which to sleep, and the men would build great camp fires that went roaring

up to the sky, and they would stand together and sing while the women made the supper in the great iron pots; and always we little ones would listen to the singing and eat of that supper until we could eat no more, and then we would lie down in the soft blankets and watch the sparks from the fire fly up into the dark until we would forget to watch and would go to sleep like little dogs that have played until they are weary.

"One time we went to a thing like that—I do not remember now—maybe it was a chicken pull or maybe it was a ceremony of the medicine men for a sick one—but by this time my brother could walk and run and always he was doing the things that a little one should never do. He would turn over the supper pot and feed the good food that was in it to the dogs and would pull the blankets down when they were hanging in the wind, but more often than anything else he would run away where my mother could not find him, and she would look, and everyone in that place would look, until maybe they would find him where the corn was growing—asleep between the little hills. Or maybe he would be in the low limbs of a tree where he could climb, but always he thought it was a funny thing when they would

find him, and my mother would laugh and catch him tight in her arms, for never have I seen a mother have love for a little one more than my mother had love for that little brother—and never was he evil, for he did only those mischief things that little ones do often.

"So this time when we rode away my brother was too big to ride in a shawl or papoose carrier, so he rode behind my mother on the horse and in the front of me so that I could hold him tight with one arm. When we had been riding a little while we came to a place that we knew very well, for we had passed it many times. Right this very time it is over there," and the old woman motioned with her lips toward a place where tall rocks stood and the little hills opened up into what looked much like the beginning of a canyon. "It is now like it was then, for no one goes there—my people do not ever go there. It is a town of the very long ago, where now the houses are only holes in the ground. And one part of the town is down below and another part is up on a shelf place in the rock, high above the height of men's heads. When we passed this place my mother spoke words to us.

"'Not ever must you come to here,' she said. 'It

is a place of the dead, and only evil is here. Good ones never go to a place of the dead'; and when she said that my brother looked at the place, and he wriggled a little bit on the back of the horse, and I knew very well on the inside of me that sometime he would come to that place, for it was not far from the hogans where we lived.

"And the very next time he was lost, when we had come back from that ceremony, my mother looked in places where he had been other times, but I went in the direction of that old town of the cliff. But when I came near to it I had a fear to go right up to the old houses, I did not want to do a thing that my mother had told me not to do, and besides, I did not know what was there. But while I stood still and wondered a sound came to me, and at first it made a trembly feeling to come. It was a cry sound, and then I knew that it had in it the voice of my brother, so I ran to the place from where the sound came—and it *was* my brother. He had tried to climb up to the houses on the cliff, and he had fallen down on the rocks, and there was a hurt place on his leg. He cried out much louder when he saw me, and caught hold of me and told me to make the place on his leg to be well.

"I called out a very loud call then for someone to come and carry him home, for I could not carry him, and he would cry more loudly every time I touched him. But no one heard that cry, and it was very lonely, and now it was getting near to the night time, and I did not know what I could do. My brother would not let me go away from him—not for one little minute. I told him how I would go and come quickly back with a one to carry him to that home hogan, but he would not let me go and caught tight hold of my dress and cried out very loud if I made a try to move away. So it was a very bad thing, and I did not know what I could do.

"But always my mother has taught to me that there is a One who helps when others will not help. I know how there is a great spirit of the rain and of growing things and of the sunshine and of the springs, but one time a mission woman who was of our people, but who had gone far away and learned many things, came back and told how there was a Great Spirit over all the other spirits, and how this One had a very great love for little children and would help them, and my mother believed this, and she taught us how to believe it. So when a trouble thing came we would send a little prayer thought to that Great

Spirit, and this time I did that. I sent a prayer thought about my little brother and about me, and then I waited to see what would come.

"And after a very little time an old man came—a very nice old man with kind looks in the eyes; and he reached down and picked up my brother and carried him very gently and carefully to a house that I had not seen before. It was in that same place where only stones had been, but this was a good house with a top on it and a door, and on the inside were soft rugs and baskets and a fire burning. This happened a very long time ago, when I was very little, but I remember well the look of that place. When the man picked up my brother he did not cry any more but lay quiet and watched what he would do. I watched too, and he saw how I watched and spoke words to me.

"'Come close, little sister, and see the thing that I do,' he said, and his voice had a different sound from any other voice that I have ever heard. 'I will teach you how to do this thing so that you will be one who will always help'; and he told me what were the herbs that he used and where was the place to find them, and many other things—but I cannot tell to you all those things, for he made me to make

a promise not to tell to anyone what he told to me, and I have remembered, and to this very day I can do those same things.

"But the strange part about this tale is to come now. Maybe you will not believe it is a true thing, but just as I tell it to you this is the way it happened. After a little while the old man took off the things he had put on the leg of my brother and told him to stand up, and he was well and strong as he had been before, and the bone that had been broken in two pieces—I saw with these very eyes how it was broken in two pieces!—the bone was strong and straight as a little tree. And then the old man said how we could go back to the home place now, and when we went out of his house and turned around to give a thank word to him—there was no old man and no house in that place—only the ruins like holes in the ground that we had seen before; and my brother began to run when he saw that—I think he had a very great fear.

"'I will not come back to this place,' he said. 'I have a sorry now that I have come!' and he ran all the way to the home hogan, and when I told to my mother and the others that thing that had happened they would not believe. And when they

looked at the leg of my brother they laughed when we said that there had been a broken place.

"'You have had a dream thing,' they said, 'and always those who go near to that place of the dead come back making lie talk,' and not ever would they believe.

"After a while even my brother believed what they said and thought only that it was a dream thing. But I did not think that—not ever did I think that. And I remembered all the things that the old man had told to me, and I went out in the desert and gathered the green herbs that he had told about. But not ever would those people believe that healing could be done by me, and they would laugh when I would say it, so after a while I did not say it any more—but the little animal brothers did not laugh, and I have healed the bones of them—many of them —in the desert.

"But after a long time a thing happened that was bad. Our chief one went out on a horse to ride to a place, and when he was going very fast the horse stepped into the hole of a little dog of the desert and went down like a tree in a storm. The horse was broken, and the chief one was broken in many places, and they brought him back and laid him on

soft blankets in his hogan. And then they sent for medicine men from near places and from far places, and many came from other places where they had not sent, and there was much ceremony. A medicine hogan was built out where there were no other hogans, and for many days there was much dancing. But always that chief one grew worse, and after a while the people began to have thoughts that he would not get well. Many times I said to them that I could make him to be well, for I was grown to be a woman now and had for many years healed little animals when bones were broken, and the herbs that I used were not like the spells of the medicine men, but were good, and always they made broken places well—not quick like that old man had done for my brother, not quick like that, for that was a magic thing—but slowly and surely. But when I said that to the people not yet would they listen. Until one night it was said that the chief one would go on the Long Trail before the morning, and when they heard that they came to me and said:

"'It will make no evil for you to make a try now to heal him. Go, and see what it is that you can do.'

"And so I went out into the desert to gather more of those herbs, for they must be very fresh to use.

But it was dark in the desert and very hard to see. I went to the place where I knew there were herbs growing, and one followed me that I did not see. It was the one who would be chief if our chief one went on the Long Sleep, and when I saw him I saw that evil was in his thoughts.

"'I will not let you to kill our chief one,' he said, and he said it very fiercely. 'Others will maybe let you do that, but I will not let you.' So he tied me with a thong and carried me to a hogan that was away from the others, and he fastened tight the door. There was nothing that I could do. I felt very sure that now that chief one would die, and this one wanted him to die, for he would be the chief one in his place.

"It did not help to call out loudly, for no other hogan was near, and no one could hear me in that place. The man went back to the people (this was told to me by another one) and said to them how I knew that I could not heal the chief one and had run away that they would not make the laugh again at me. And the people believed that, but my brother did not believe. My brother was grown to be big like other men, and he went out into the desert to look for me, and very late in the night he came near

to that hogan where I was and heard the sound of my cries. And when he had let me out we ran to the place of the herbs and then back to the hogan of the chief one, and all of that night and all of the day that came my brother and I bound herbs on the broken places of the chief one—and from that very time, little by little, he began to be well.

"After that the people did not laugh any more, and they built for me a hogan big and fine like the hogan of the chief one, and they brought to me gifts of meal and corn and meat and many fine blankets; and always after that time if there is a one who has a bone that is broken they come to me, and I make it to be strong again."

"And that evil one," asked Yazhe with very large eyes of interest, "what was it that he did?"

"He did not come back again," said the old woman. "When he saw how the chief one was to be strong again, he went away and did not come back."

"Where is that cliff place?" asked Kawani thoughtfully. "I have no fear of evil in a place like that."

"Maybe evil does not come always from there," said the old woman. "It was evil that came to my brother, but it was a very good thing that came to

me. And I know the reason for that. It was because my brother went to that place when my mother told him not to go—and evil comes always to those who do not mind—but to me came only good, for I went there to help and not to do a bad thing."

"I would like to go there," said Kawani again. "Never have I seen a place like that."

The old woman laughed a little.

"You will see this one," she said, "if you will go *that* way," and she pointed, "the way that Hah-ko has gone."

Kawani jumped to his feet.

"That is the thing that I will do! All this day I have had a feeling in me to see where it is that Hah-ko goes. Our people do not go for a good thing to the people of the Yammays!"

"I too will go!" cried Yazhe. "Where you go I too will go."

"Then come!" Kawani was greatly excited now. "We will have to go fast if we will catch up to him," and he helped Yazhe to the back of the horse and jumped up in front of her.

"Have a great care!" cried the old woman. "I think that Hah-ko is a very evil one!"

"I will have a care," answered Kawani back

over his shoulder. "And if you see that grandmother tell to her all that I have told to you. Maybe we will come back this way."

"Ai!" cried the old woman after them. "Have a care of that Hah-ko!"

CHAPTER X

THE CLIFF PLACE

When dark is here the thief ones ride
With bows and arrows by their side.
When dark is here—the shadows run
Across the moonlight—one, by one!

IT WAS good to be on the back of the horse again, flying over the earth like in a dream thing, and the words of the old woman did not make fear thoughts to come to Kawani or to Yazhe at all.

"We will not let him see us," cried Kawani over his shoulder to Yazhe as they rode very fast. "Hahko will not think to look for us, and we will hide in some place. I think he has a plan, and I want to know what is that plan."

"Maybe there are things in that cliff place," said Yazhe eagerly. "Always I have wanted to look in places like that where people have not been for a long time."

"But they say it is bad to go there." The voice of Kawani did not have a sound as if he thought it was a bad thing. There was excitement in his voice

and a tingle feeling all through him—a feeling of adventure things that were coming.

"Oh," said Yazhe suddenly with a little jump, "a thought has just come!"

"Hi!" laughed Kawani. "Have a great care of a thing like that! Another one might make you to fall off this horse!"

But Yazhe did not notice that he made a joke.

"You have said how my grandmother looked for the hogan of an old one who is wise. I think that old woman of the bones is wise, and I think maybe my grandmother goes to that one."

Kawani made the horse almost to stop.

"It is strange we did not think that thing before," he said, but then he let the horse go fast again. "If that is true it is good," he said. "She will tell to that grandmother everything, and she is wise and will know what to do. It would not help if we went back now."

"No, maybe it would not help, but we will come back when we have seen where it is that Hah-ko goes."

"Maybe we will not see him," and Kawani gave another kick to the horse with his heels. "If he goes very far and very fast we will not see him."

"But he does not go fast any of the time," reasoned Yazhe. "Look how he stopped in that hogan over there in the little hills," she waved her arm in that direction, "and then he stopped that night time when you found him by the fire."

Kawani frowned in thought at her words.

"That is true," he said slowly. "He does not go fast. Maybe he waits for a time."

"I like this place," cried Yazhe suddenly. "I like the smell that is of the sage, and I like the blue sky and the sunshine. I think only good can come in a place like this." And though she could not say it in words she liked the excitement of being on an adventure thing that was taking them like bird wings somewhere that they did not know, and she felt that Kawani would very surely keep her from any harm that might come—always he had done that.

Over the tops of little hills they went where they could see away off over long stretches of sage that looked cool and silvery even in the sunlight, and then down into places that seemed like little canyons that had not grown up yet; and always ahead of them were buttes with sides that had been carved out by the winds and sands but with the tops always flat, and near every butte were many rocks with

shapes of animals and birds and men and towers and queer bending arches, and these were of colors too many to describe—red and blue and yellow and lavender—with soft shadows falling about them like silken veils. These were things that Yazhe could maybe feel but could not put into words, and they made Kawani to lift his head and throw back his shoulders and feel as strong and brave as an eagle might feel before he starts on a long flight into the morning blue.

They saw the cliff place a long time before they came to it. There was a wide space of land where the buttes and rocks were far apart and then they came together almost like the fences leading to a corral, and in the middle part was a large wall of rock higher than the others, and they could see a shelf on that rock and white things that looked like stone houses, only they seemed to be smaller than the houses that they knew. As they came nearer they saw the ruin places below the rock wall where part of the town had been down on the ground, as the old woman had said.

"I think maybe those people lived in the lower part the most of the time," said Kawani, "and then when an enemy people came they would climb up

to the high one where they could shoot arrows and no one could follow."

"I would not like to live like that," said Yazhe thoughtfully. "I would not like to carry many jars of water up to that place, and look how there are many bump places for the head."

They were very close now, and the looks of Kawani were going all over the cliff to see if there was a way to get up, but he could see no way at all. The houses down below were mostly little squares of stone on the ground with no walls or roofs to them and here and there a round place that had maybe been an oven or a place for storing things.

"I wonder which one was the house of the old man that came to the bone woman," said Yazhe, but Kawani was not listening. He had jumped down from the horse and run to a place where he saw little dark holes in the rock of the cliff and rough places of stone that looked to be good for climbing.

Yazhe watched him eagerly, and when in a very little while he was hanging to the rock like a little lizard in the sun and moving slowly upward she too climbed down from the horse and tied him to a mesquite bush and started after Kawani. But he called down to her:

"Do not come until I see if it is safe for you—wait for a little." So she waited, watching him anxiously. "It is all right," he called when he had reached the shelf of rock, "but I will come down and help you." And when he was down again another thought came to his mind, "I think we will hide that horse," he said. "It would not be good if someone came and took him when we are up there." So he hunted until he had found a large rock not very far from the cliff, with tall mesquite bushes around it, and he tied the horse so that no one at all would know that he was there, and then they both went back to the cliff and began to climb slowly up.

It was not a very easy thing to do. Many of the holes that had been made for the hands and feet were worn almost away by the wind and sand that had blown into them for many years, and even now the wind was blowing and making queer noises in the cliff above their heads. Sometimes these noises sounded like voices talking, and other times they were like many horses galloping, and then they would go very low like a mother singing to her little one. When they had reached the shelf of rock Yazhe gave one look down the way she had come, and then she backed quickly away from the edge.

"Ouw! I think never can I go down there again," she said in a trembly voice. "Look, how my legs have a shake in them," and Kawani could see that her little knees were knocking together.

"You must not have a fear," he said in a very kind voice. "I will not let you to fall."

"I have no fear," she answered quickly, "I have no fear at all, but," and she looked down doubtfully again, "I think maybe it is that my legs have a fear."

Kawani pulled her back from the edge of the rock.

"We will look and see what is here, and then when we go down I will go first so that you will not see," he said. "It is an easy thing. But now we will look in these places," and they walked cautiously about looking into low windows that were below the level of their own eyes. But one house was much higher and looked to be in better repair than the others. It was in two stories, and Kawani helped Yazhe up over a broken part of the lower wall, but when he put his head in at the door of the second story he almost fell backward with a sudden fright, for out of the house came rushing a great black cloud that screamed as it came, and if Yazhe had not been in a place where she could press tight against the rock wall of the house she might have fallen

Kawani helped Yazhe up over a broken part of the wall

down right then. But they both of them saw almost as quickly as it happened that it was nothing to fear, for it was only bats that had lived for a great while all by themselves in this lonely place, and when they were gone Kawani turned to Yazhe, and a little grin came on his face.

"I thought at the very first that the Chindi was here," he said; "but if that was the Chindi he has gone now, and he will not come back while we are here."

Yazhe gave a little shiver and tried to make a grin come to her face too to show Kawani how she was not afraid, but it was not a very big grin, and on the inside of her was still a tremble feeling.

"I think I will go down again," she said in a very small voice. "I think I do not like it here." But just as she said that they both heard a sound that was not of the wind, and Kawani caught her quickly and pushed her into the door of the house from which the bats had come. He followed her through the doorway, but peeped very cautiously out to look to see what had made that sound. It was a man on a horse who had ridden quickly into the place of ruins below the shelf of rock. Kawani thought surely it must be Hah-ko before he looked closely, but then

he saw that it was not Hah-ko. It was a man of the Yammays, and he rode into the ruin place and looked about him as if he expected to meet another here.

"What is it?" whispered Yazhe. "Why did you push me?"

"Hush!" answered Kawani. "There is a man down there, and we will have to wait until he goes."

"I do not like it here." Yazhe tried to put her little nose out of the door. "It has the smell of bats."

"But we must wait," insisted Kawani. "I think that Hah-ko will come to meet this man. We must wait and see."

"I hope how he is not very long." Yazhe came just as near to the door as Kawani would let her. "I wish now we had not come."

"I am very glad we have come," whispered Kawani. "Look how this is a good place to see Hah-ko and to hear what he says, and he will not see us. I am very glad we have come. Look, already there are more who come." There was a clatter of horses' hoofs below them, and other men rode up to join the first one. And then came more and more.

"I think now all of that tribe of the Yammays is coming to this place," whispered Kawani with a

great excitement in his voice. "This is a very strange thing, and I think it is a thing that has not happened before."

"But what will happen if they stay a long time?" asked Yazhe. "What will be the thing that will happen to us?"

"I think they will not stay long," answered Kawani. "We will wait and see. I have a little food here in a bundle—we will eat that."

Even as he spoke there were more men who rode to the foot of the wall of rock, and there was much excitement down there now, and much talking and laughing. When the men arrived they got down from their horses and made a fire in the rocks and sat around it on their heels and seemed to be very happy over something.

"I am glad how there are many horses," whispered Kawani. "Now they will not hear our horse if he makes a noise."

"They would not hear even us if we made a great noise," said Yazhe. "But I have a big wish that we were in some other place."

"There is Hah-ko!" said Kawani suddenly. "I knew how he would come Do not talk now, and we will hear what he will say," for the words of the men

below came up very plainly to them in the clear, still air of the desert.

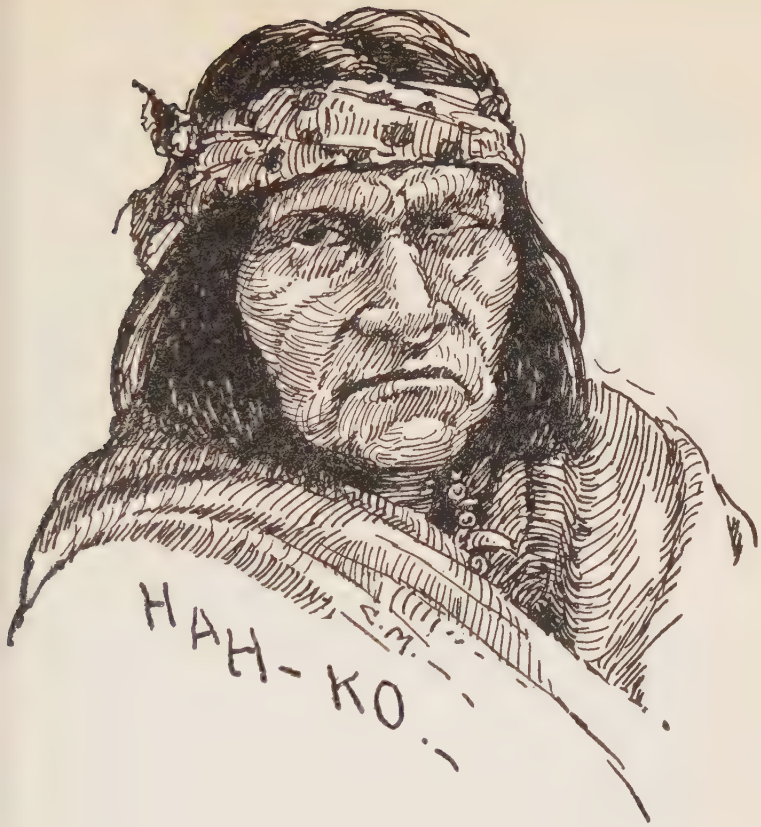
When Hah-ko rode up the other men rose from the fire and lifted their hands in greeting. Then they sat down again and ate food and smoked many cigarettes and talked and laughed as they had done before, only Kawani saw that the men of the Yammays looked at Hah-ko with strange looks, and sometimes when Hah-ko looked another way they made talk together in very low voices so that Kawani could not hear.

And then, after a long time, Hah-ko made a sign with his hand that he would speak, and the others were suddenly very silent, and even Kawani leaned over as far as he dared from the rocky shelf to hear what Hah-ko would say.

"I have come," he said, "and I have brought that which I was to bring. But first before I show it I must see that your faith is good and that you have brought to me what you have promised."

"We have brought it," answered the one of the Yammays, who looked to be their chief, "but we will not give it to you until we have seen the thing that you have brought."

"Do not give it, then," said Hah-ko with the



"It should be more," Hah-ko said with narrowed eyes

sound of a sneer in his voice. "I do not ask that you give it. Only I have said that I would see it with these eyes and count the coins that I may know their number."

"This is not our way," answered the man of the Yammays, and he spoke with dignity. "When we say that we will do a thing, always we will do it, but a trade is not a trade until the thing for which the bargain is made is shown to us."

"You are many men," answered Hah-ko then, "and I am only one—how am I to know that when I show this thing you will not take it from my hand and leave it empty?"

"You speak the words that come of an evil heart." The man of the Yammays spoke angrily. "I like not to think of such an one to bargain with. It is well—it is very well—that we dropped the talk of chief one. But look you, then, here is the bag—and *we* have no fear to let you count the coins," and he threw a buckskin bag that clinked with silver to the feet of Hah-ko, who picked it up with eager hands and made quick work of pulling open the throat and running his hand neatly through its contents.

"It should be more," he said with narrowed eyes.

"I did not count the greatness of the risk, and more than that, I now must seek another place to live."

The Yammay smiled a smile of grimness.

"It is well for that pueblo that they will lose the happiness of your presence," he said mockingly. "And as for the price," he gave a shrug of the shoulders and took from his neck a heavy chain of silver and threw it to join the bag at Hah-ko's feet. "I will not bargain for a thing so small. Now, will you bring the prize?"

"Yes," said Hah-ko, and rose to his feet, "I will bring it now, and do not forget that all the silver of your tribe is not enough to pay for what I bring." He walked slowly to the place where he had left his horse, and the eyes of all the Yammays followed him. Kawani too watched closely.

"I think he would try to get on that horse and go away," he whispered to Yazhe. "He has the bag of silver in his hand."

But if that had been the thought in the mind of Hah-ko he quickly gave it up after one swift look around at those watching faces and took a something from the blanket tied to his horse and brought it back to the waiting men. But when the chief of the Yammays reached out his hand to receive the

thing Hah-ko drew it back and held it wrapped in a piece of cloth in his hand.

"Not until the time of ceremony will I give it," he said, and the eyes of the other man looked into his very long and searchingly.

"It is well," he answered then. "We will build the wikiup and prepare for that ceremony."

"Ouw!" said Kawani to Yazhe. "Now there will be ceremony, and that will mean that we will be here for a great while. One little piece of meat is here." He showed to her the small package of food that was left, "And already I have a hunger as big as the moon."

Yazhe nodded and sniffed the air.

"The smell of that smoke is like the supper fire at the home place," she said wistfully. "I would like very much to be there in that home place."

"We will be there soon," answered Kawani, "but first we must make a plan. Did you hear how that bag had the sound of money? I would like very much to have that bag."

"Hah-ko would not let you to take it," said Yazhe seriously, and Kawani grinned at the look on her face.

"Hah-ko would not let anyone to take it," he said.

"He would not let anyone take one hair from his head if he could help it. We will watch and see if he will let them take that other thing he has. I think he will make a try to have the silver in the bag and keep that thing too."

"What do you think is that thing?" asked Yazhe.

"Ho!" said Kawani with a snort of the breath. "That is a plain thing. It is that Katchina of the Rains."

The eyes of Yazhe grew round with surprise.

"Then he is the witch one," she said, "and not my grandmother."

"Always I have known that," said Kawani, forgetting altogether that he had not even guessed at it at the first. "And he made them to think it was the grandmother only until he could get away from that mesa."

"Then now he cannot go back," said Yazhe slowly. "Now they will know how he is the evil one."

"Maybe so," said Kawani even more thoughtfully than she. "Maybe that is true and maybe it is not true. I think very much, like I told you, that he will make a try to keep that bag with the money in it, and that Katchina of the Rains also. We will see."

"When it is light we can see things," said Yazhe wisely, "but when the dark comes maybe other things will happen then," and Kawani looked at her without speaking—there was no answer to that.

CHAPTER XI

THE PLACE OF RUINS

When the smoke of the camp fire rises high
And the shiny sparks fly into the sky,
Then the night comes close and tells to me
A thousand tales of mystery.

THE dark is a friend to those who would do evil, but sometimes it can be a friend to others also. Kawani waited until it would be dark and thought of many things that might happen then. But down below they did not wait for anything at all. They worked like ants in the sun at building a shrine place where they might hold the ceremony of which Hah-ko had spoken. This was the ceremony of adoption into the tribe of the Yammays of that powerful Katchina of the Rains which was from this time to be the fetish of the Yammays and was to bring to them all the good things they thought it had brought in the past to those of the mesa. Hah-ko had said how there must be an altar place with a covering over it for it might be that rain would come with this cere-

ll this time Kawani and Yazhe watched from up in the cliff

mony, and rain must not touch the face of the Katchina of the Rains. And so the men worked very fast to have the place finished before the coming of night. They chose a place for it where the ground was smooth as a floor, and then they gathered wattle poles. Some they found in the ruin places, and some they made from the boughs of mesquite bushes, and they fastened these to little poles that they had driven into the ground in a circle, and they wove the wattles into a covering like the round cap of a very large man, and they left an opening toward the east so that the rising sun could shine in on the altar place. Then into the wattle poles they wove branches of mesquite and pinyon until it looked more than ever like a great cap, and when this part was finished a medicine man of the Yammays went on the inside to make the altar place. All this time Kawani and Yazhe watched from up in the cliff. They had found some little holes in the wall of the house where they were hiding and they could look through these holes very easily, right down into the place where the men were working, without any chance that they would be seen. But as the day went on toward evening they grew more and more empty, and now they were thirsty too, and watched eagerly when-

ever one of the men down below took a long drink from a water bottle and put it down again. In one place a man had thrown down the blanket from his horse and on it had put little bundles of food and a water bottle. Kawani looked at that place many times.

"If I could go down there," he said to Yazhe, "I could bring back that food for us to eat, but they would see me if I tried to go down."

"Maybe when it is dark," said Yazhe, "maybe then they will not see you."

But Kawani shook his head.

"Even when it is dark they could see me on the side of this cliff like a fly that walks on the wall of a room."

Yazhe looked thoughtfully down at the woven girdle about her dress.

"Do you think we could reach for things with that?" she asked doubtfully, but Kawani did not laugh, though it was a very funny thing that she should say that.

"We will have to wait," he said. "Maybe they will go away before another day. Look how already they begin the ceremony." And it was true. Down there, below, the medicine man was now shaking his

rattle, and Hah-ko had given into his hands the thing that he had brought. The sound of chanting came up clearly to the cliff place, but Kawani did not listen to it, for clearer than the song of the medicine man came the smell of meat that was cooking, and he could not stand still when he could smell that.

"I will look all over this place," he said to Yazhe. "Maybe I will find something. Sometimes birds and little animals bring nuts to a place like this—or maybe I will find a nest with eggs."

"Yes," said Yazhe eagerly. "Eggs are good," and she watched him with bright eyes to see where he would look. Already he knew that there was nothing in the house where they were hiding, so he climbed very carefully over the wall in a place that was back from the edge and was in shadow, and the very minute he was out of sight Yazhe called cautiously to him, "I will come too, I will not wait here alone," and he helped her over the place where he had come.

They were now almost at the very end of one side of the shelf place, and in the corner part, where it was almost dark, they could see a round thing that had been a store place or an oven for cooking.

"I will look and see what is in there," said Kawani, and he climbed in the top of it, for the roof was gone, and there was no other opening. He went very carefully, but the very minute he was over the edge he gave a little muffled cry and slid out of sight, and Yazhe could hear him go sliding and rolling down some place that was dark as night, and after him went many little stones and pieces of mud plaster.

He made a great deal of noise, but the Yammays were listening now to the dancing and the chanting that they were doing, and they could not have heard a noise that was many times as great. But to Yazhe it did not matter how much noise Kawani made. A great fear had come into her heart, and she leaned over the place where he had gone and called to him to know if he had a hurt.

For a little he did not answer, and there was still the sound of sliding sand and little stones; and then his voice came back up the place, and it sounded very far away and very shaky.

"I am here," he answered then, and even though he was very greatly frightened he did not let his voice go very loud. "I am here—down in a place. But not yet do I know where this place is. And I do not know if I can get up again."

"Have you a hurt?" repeated Yazhe anxiously, and after a little he answered again:

"No, I think there is no hurt on me, and I can get out of this place—down at this end."

"Oh," answered Yazhe in a great relief. "Then maybe I will come too."

"No," said Kawani sharply. "You must not come. I will see if I can get back. This is a big crack in the rock, and maybe I can get back," and she could hear his feet making sounds on the rock, and then she could hear that he was breathing hard and coming nearer. "Almost I can come," he gasped then, "but there is a place here that is smooth, and every time I come up I slip back again. See if you can reach down your hand, Yazhe." But she could not reach down to him. She tried very hard and reached until she almost went over the edge into the dark place herself, but her arms were not long enough.

"Wait," she said then breathlessly, and she untied the wide woven girdle that was wound round and round her waist, and then she looked for a place to tie it, but there was no place at all.

"What is it?" called Kawani. "What is it that you do?" and when she had explained to him about the belt he said, "See if there is a piece of wood near there."

"There is a little pole thing," she said, "from an old house, but it is not a long one."

"Is it strong?" he asked. "Try if it is strong and will not break."

"It is strong," she said after a moment, "but it will not go over this big place."

"Tie the belt thing to it," he said, "and then put it over to one side of the hole place and hold it with your hands so that it will not go over"; and when she had done all that he climbed up to where she was and got out of the hole, and there was a shining excitement in his eyes that was good to see.

"If I can do it one time I can do it another time," he said in a happy voice. "And now I can get food for us. Only I must wait until it is very dark," and he looked cautiously over the edge of the rock to see what the men below were doing.

"What is that thing?" asked Yazhe. "That place where you have been—what is it like?"

"I think it is a place that was a secret way to get down and up when those long-ago people lived here," said Kawani. "It goes in a slant down a crack place of the rock, and in some places there are steps in the rock almost like the steps of a ladder,

but at the top there is nothing—maybe there was once a ladder there too, but now it has gone. But the good thing is that I can go down there and get food and no one will see me."

"They will not see you in the rock, but they will see you when you get the food," said Yazhe.

"They will *not* see me," said Kawani very positively. "Wait and I will show you."

The sun went down behind the western hills, and already it grew dark in the place of the ruins below the cliff, but the red light still lingered up on that rocky wall. The ceremony of the Katchina of the Rains was over, but Hah-ko did not go: he sat near the great camp fire of the Yammays and listened in silence to their talk and laughter, and Kawani, who listened also from the lower part of that great crack place in the rock, wondered why he did not go. He could not see from that crack place, for there was rock in front of him—for which he was very glad—but he could listen, and he waited for the time when the men would stop moving about and would grow drowsy by the fire. And up above on the cliff place Yazhe waited and watched the faces in the leaping light of the fire. Her hunger was now so great that she had forgotten to wonder any more about Hah-ko, and she thought

only of Kawani and the food she hoped he would bring.

And now the night had come, and after a while the men did not talk so much, and Kawani very cautiously put his head out from behind the rock of the crack and looked about him. All the things that belonged to the men were near them about the fire and it looked for a little as if it would not be a possible thing to get anything at all. Many of them were still wide awake, and he would have to wait a long time if he waited until everyone was asleep.

He stepped out from the crack place and crept on his hands and knees to the shelter of a large bush and from there crawled to another bush much nearer to the fire, and then there were no more bushes, and there—the span of a few hands away—he could see that blanket he had seen from the up-above place with the food still on it and the water bottle. If only he could reach that place. But he could not. It was out in the full light of the fire and very near to two men who were wide awake and would surely see him if he went near to it.

For a little while Kawani crouched behind the bush and watched that food with longing in his eyes. But he could not stay in this place; any moment one

of those men might get up and see him. And then a sudden thought came into his mind. Very cautiously and silently he crept back to the first bush and then back to the crack in the rock, and there he found the thing that he had remembered. It was a good stick, two times as long as his arm and very strong. He looked at it thoughtfully and then made a sharp point with his knife on the smallest end of it and put a notch just below the point. Then, with the stick held carefully in his hand, he crept cautiously and without noise back to the bush that was near to the blanket which had the food.

At first he could do nothing, for there was a man who had his face turned toward the blanket, and for a long time it seemed he would never turn away, but after a while he did look in the other direction, and then—slowly and carefully and very cautiously Kawani reached for one of those bundles of food. His heart was beating like bird wings in his breast, and he could feel the flutter of it in his throat. Surely a man would look or the package would fall off, but neither thing happened, and he brought it safely to behind the bush where he was crouching, and then, just as he was about to put forth the stick to reach for the water bottle, a man leaped up from the fire

and came over to the blanket. He picked up the water bottle and drank deeply from it, laughing, with his face always toward the fire.

If he had looked one time toward that bush he would have seen Kawani, who made himself as small as he could in the shadow of it and tried not to breathe, but who was very plainly to be seen if the man had looked—and Yazhe, watching from that up-above place, had to put her little hand very quickly to her mouth so that she would not cry out when she saw the man. But he did not see Kawani and put down the water bottle and walked back to the fire almost in the time it takes to tell it. And Kawani put out the stick again with a hand that trembled and picked up with the point of it another little bundle of food, and then a third time he reached out and caught the notch of the stick in the thong of the water bottle. Closer and closer he brought it to him, waiting to see if anyone would look. But at last he had it in his hand, and, almost breathless with excitement, he drew back from behind the bush and with his precious food in his arms wriggled like a snake back to the other bush and back again to that crack place in the rock. When he had reached the top with the food and the water bottle tied firmly to the girdle about his

waist Yazhe was almost dancing with excitement and eagerness.

"I saw you," she said breathlessly, "I saw you all that time. What is it that you have brought?"

"This," answered Kawani, and gave into her hands the two little bundles and showed to her the water bottle. "We will eat behind that wall." But when they were safely behind the wall and Yazhe had untied the cloth from one of the little bundles she gave a sharp cry of surprise and disappointment.

"But look," she cried, "how this is not food.We could not eat this, Kawani," and he took the package from her hand and looked at it in astonishment. It was the skin of a little animal that he did not know, and it was stuffed tight with something, and to the tiny paws and head were fastened little tinkly bells of some kind of metal. "What is it?" asked Yazhe with very round eyes, watching him, and he saw then that it was made into a bag, and when he had opened it at the top some wool from a sheep came out, and after that came sky stones—many of them—blue and shining as the sky in summertime. "What will you do with them?" asked Yazhe.

"I will take them back now," answered Kawani. "I would take food because we are hungry, but I

would not take other things." And at that moment a great noise came from the place down by the fire, and they looked to see what it could mean.

"You are a thief one!" cried a voice. "I tell you it was there, on that blanket. To-day when it was hot and I worked I put the girdle and the bag thing there, and now it is gone—and I say I know how you have taken it."

"I am *not* a thief one!" answered another voice angrily. "The one who says that must fight."

"I saw how you took water from my water bottle, and it was then that you took my bag. Ai—and the water bottle—it is gone too."

"Why is not that blanket gone and the ground it was on?" sneered the other voice. "If I have taken a thing, look and see if you can find it," and he threw open his arms to be searched.

Kawani saw how the two men would fight in another moment, and without a thought of what he did he drew back his arm and threw the little bag straight at them—down through the night. It struck the dust and slid in a little dark bunch to the feet of the chief one himself, who picked it up with a face of sudden surprise.

"What is this?" he cried, and the two men stopped

to look at the thing he held in his hand, and the one who had lost the bag opened his eyes very wide, and his mouth dropped open.

"This is a magic thing," he cried in a strange voice. "Look, how it has dropped out of the very air."

"Have a care," said the chief one calmly, "how you make fight for a thing that has not been stolen," and he handed the little bag back to its owner, who took it uncertainly, almost as if he had a fear to touch it.

"I will look," said Yazhe suddenly, "and see what is in that other package. I have a hope it is not like that." And they sat down again behind the wall place, and this time there was food wrapped tight in the piece of cloth—it was dried meat and apricots —and they were very glad to get it, and never had water tasted so good as that water in the bottle Kawani had brought.

"And now if those men would go away we could get down and go to that home mesa," said Yazhe drowsily. She felt very comfortable and sleepy after the food and thought how nice it would be to go to sleep on a soft blanket, watching the little fire shadows of the home fire do a dance on the smoky ceiling. But Kawani thought of other things.

"I am glad those men do not go away yet," he said. "There is a something I must do." And if Yazhe had known what that something was she would have sat up very suddenly and would have forgotten very quickly all of her sleep thoughts, and the cosy look would have altogether gone out of her eyes. But Kawani did not tell her what that something was, and she did not know—not then!

CHAPTER XII

A REAL ADVENTURE

The thunder is the laugh of gods
At little things below,
That seem so big to us and march
So solemn and so slow.

THE camp fire of the men in the ruin place burned lower and lower, and one by one they lay down in their blankets and went to sleep, but some looked as if all night they meant to stay up and watch. Kawani, looking down from the shelf place high above, did not like that at all. Hah-ko was still with the men: Kawani had seen him look very carefully about the fire and then take his blanket and lie down on the side that was nearest to the shelter place of the Katchina of the Rains. But others too had seen him do that, and two men of the Yammays had sat down on either side of him as if it were a thing of accident, and another one placed himself squarely in the opening of the shelter place where a blanket was hanging.

Kawani thought there might also be men on the

inside of that place, and the thought made a shadow look to come into his eyes. Yazhe watched with him for a very little while, and then she sat down in a corner on the inside of the wall and went to sleep like a little bundle that had been dumped in that place, and Kawani was glad to see that she went to sleep, for there were things that he did not want to talk about until they were done.

There was now a great silence everywhere—a silence that made it seem as if the doors of the sky were closed. Even the coyotes were quiet this night, for there was no moon, and clouds hung low, and long ago they had found that this place of ruins was not good for a hunting place. Only the little hoot owls made mournful calls far off in lonely places, and the fire of the Yammays popped and crackled as once in awhile one of the men would feed it with fresh wood.

Kawani thought that now was the time for which he had waited, and so he moved as quickly and silently as a shadow thing to that corner place back under the rock where the girdle of Yazhe still hung from the little pole, and he slipped down the crack of rock to that lower place where he could step out almost into the camp of the Yammays. When he was down there he stood very still and listened for a long time

with his heart beating like a little drum in his ears. The shelter place was not very far from the fire, and its opening was in the direction of the fire, so that it looked to be an impossible thing to enter it without being seen by the men. And besides that, there was that man who sat at the doorway who seemed to have no thought of sleep. Kawani, when he stepped cautiously outside of that rock place, could see him very plainly and could see how he smoked cigarette after cigarette and that his eyes gleamed bright in the light of the fire.

It was not very hard to reach the back part of that shelter place, and Kawani was there almost before he could take two breaths; and then he looked carefully to see if there was any way to enter it other than the door. But even though the men had builded quickly, they had done very well, and the walls were tight and close and strong, so that he could not hope to get through even with the knife that he had brought, which was long and sharp.

But there was another plan in the mind of Kawani that he had thought about when he was up on that shelf of rock, and when he had waited for another little while to see that no one came this way, he dropped down on his knees close to the wall of the

shelter place on the side farthest away from the fire and began to dig in the dust and sand like a little dog. At first it was an easy thing to do, as the sand on the top was loose and soft, but after a little he came to earth and rocks so hard that they tore the skin and the tips of his finger nails, and then he dug at it with his knife and was glad now that it was sharp and long.

This was very hard work, and after he had dug for what seemed to be a very long time there was only a hole large enough to hold the length of his arm, and then he had to rest a little. Maybe a man could have dug faster than that, but Kawani was not yet a man, except in his thoughts, and he did not quite have the strength of a man. He crept cautiously around the side of the shelter place again to see if any of the men were yet awake about the fire, and a little surprise shock came to him when he saw that Hah-ko was gone. The men who were sitting near to him had their faces deep in their blankets, and it was plain to see that they were asleep. He could not see the man who sat in front of the doorway because he could not come around that far, but a little blue line of smoke he could see, that came from his cigarette, and that smoke said as plainly

as words that the man was still there, and awake. But where was Hah-ko? Kawani felt an uneasiness now. Maybe he was back there somewhere in the shadows. There were many rocks and bushes beyond the light of the fire, and maybe he watched from there the thing that he, Kawani, did.

He went back to the place behind the shelter where he had been before and began to dig more fiercely than ever. If Hah-ko was near, then he must work more quickly and try to reach the rock place again before he could be caught. He looked back over his shoulder many times to see if eyes were watching him, but he could see nothing in the darkness, and he could not take the time to search. Now the hole was wider, and he was almost hidden in it while he dug. There was a little place he had made that went all the way under the wall, and he tried to see through it to know if anyone sat in the shrine place with the Katchina, but he could see only the light of a small fire that burned in the middle of the floor. The dirt was soft again now, and there were no more rocks, so he went more swiftly than before, and—at last—it was large enough for him to go through!

He crawled down into the hole and put his head

up cautiously on the other side. The place was empty of any living ones. He was very glad of that. There were bowls and baskets on the floor. One bowl had the cloud symbols on it, and from it were spread ears of corn to the four ways—east and north and west and south! And there were prayer sticks and other things—almost he had a fear to be in a sacred place like this, but it was for good that he had come —he said that plainly in his mind—and always his people would be glad to have him do a thing like this. The Katchina of the Rains was just a little to one side of the hole that he had made, on a little altar made of stones laid down, and it was placed where the first sun would touch it in the morning from the doorway. Kawani took it quickly in his hands and wrapped around it a small blanket, used for ceremony, that was in the place.

Then he stood still and his heart jumped into his mouth. For there had come a noise from the outside —a very little noise, but it did not come from the doorway: it came from the other way, and Kawani pressed tight against the wall near that hole and waited to see what would happen. But nothing happened, and the noise did not come again, and after

a little he crept down through the hole again and looked very cautiously about on the outside, but there was nothing to see or hear at all, and his heart went down again out of his throat, and he began to breathe more evenly. But his eyes were big with thoughts of what might have been. He hugged the Katchina close to him and pressed tight against the shelter place and went and looked again at the fire —and Hah-ko was still not there.

"Maybe he has gone," he thought, but it was strange how he had heard no horse that rode away. He went back to the hole place and filled it up again quickly with the sand and rocks and packed it as tightly as he could with his feet, and then he turned to go back the way he had come and—standing in the dim light with the ugly look on his face that Kawani remembered so well—was HAH-KO!

"Give it to me," he said in a voice that was low as the hiss of a snake. "All this time I have seen you, and you have done very well. Give it to me, and I will not call out to the other ones and will let you go."

Kawani held the bundle that he carried tight to his breast, and like a flash of light he bent himself

down, and with all the strength that was in him he threw himself against Hah-ko. He did as he had seen the goats do when they fight with coyotes that try to steal the sheep. He struck with his head in the stomach of Hah-ko, and Hah-ko went down like a sack of corn!

Kawani did not wait to see what happened then, and he did not choose the way he would run, but more quickly than ever his legs had gone before he ran for that crack place in the rock, and then up the slant, and climbed out on the shelf place, where he threw himself panting down on the cool rock—safe for a little while.

There was noise now in the camp place below, and men running and shouting, and once he heard the voice of Hah-ko cry out:

"It is the boy. See that you catch him!"

"There is no boy," answered another voice. "Not anyone has seen a boy. And how could he get away if he was here?"

"Hunt in the rocks!" cried Hah-ko again, "and behind every bush. I tell you how he is here!"

There was much sound of hunting then. It was very plain that all the men were awake, and they went everywhere, looking. But in a little they came

together again by the fire, and they had found nothing.

"He did not come this way—that boy," said the man who had sat in front of the shelter place, "for all the time I have been here, and there has been no boy. For myself, I think that Hah-ko dreams."

"Look on the inside of that place," said Hah-ko then, "and see if then you will say that I dream. Look in there and see what is gone!"

There was a silence when he said that, and the chief one went into the shelter place (Kawani was watching now from that shelf of rock, and he saw all this, and he heard what was said). And when the chief one came out again he folded his arms, and there was a look like a thundercloud on his face, but his voice was calm as he spoke.

"Now tell me," he said very sternly, "what is this thing? I hear a cry when I am asleep, and men come running, and you tell me that a boy has gone. And now the Katchina of the Rains is gone. What is the meaning of this thing?"

Many tried to speak when he said that, but he held up his hand and made a sign that Hah-ko only was to make answer to him.

"And while we speak," cried Hah-ko angrily, "he gets away!"

"Now tell me," said the chief again, and his eyes burned like fire as he looked into the face of Hah-ko, "why did you not go away when the money was given to you for the thing that you brought?"

Hah-ko looked down, and words did not come to him quickly.

"I was weary," he said then. "I took a time to rest."

The chief did not change the expression of his face.

"A man who rests does not leave the resting place while others sleep. There were those who watched and saw you go."

Hah-ko moved uneasily.

"I heard a sound," he said suddenly. "I heard as of someone who worked in secret, and when I looked I saw that boy take the Katchina of the Rains."

"How did he take it?" spoke the man who had sat in front of the door. "He did not pass by me, and how could he get in, then?"

"He took it from under the wall," said Hah-ko. "He made a hole and took it that way."

"Did you see him take it?" asked the chief one

quietly. "And why did you not stop him?" and then, before Hah-ko could answer, a smile came to his face, and it was a smile that Hah-ko did not care to see. "Yes," and he nodded his head, "this is a thing very plain to me. From the very first it was plain, and that is why I have had those to watch you —only for a little maybe they slept. Always you have had a plan to take the money that I gave and also to take back that Katchina to your home place. I thought how you would take it yourself, but now I see that you had more wisdom than that. The plan was to have another to take it so that you could stand by and show a great innocence."

"That is lie talk!" cried Hah-ko, but mixed in with the anger of his voice there was a fear that even Kawani could hear.

"And if it is lie talk," said the chief one with still that smile on his face, "if it is lie talk, tell me—was not the one who took this thing of your own people of the mesa?"

For a short moment Hah-ko was silent, and the look in his eyes was evil.

"If you will catch him," he said then fiercely, "you will not say this thing, and it must be that he is near. Look up there, in that place," and he

waved his arm up to the shelf of rock where Kawani drew back in a very sudden great alarm. The eyes of all the men looked up to that place, and Kawani felt that even the stones would call out that he was here. But the chief one answered as calmly as he had spoken before.

"It is well, we will look in that place, and in all other places," he said. "But first you will give to me that bag of silver pieces until the Katchina is found. And after we have looked in this place we will take you to another place—a place that I know that is very strong—and we will keep you there until maybe you will send for this one to bring back that thing you have stolen. It is not well for thieves to be loose in the desert. They may steal from weaker ones than we."

The anger in Hah-ko was now too great for words, and two men stood by him, one on either side, and pushed him to a place that Kawani could not see. But Kawani did not wait to see anything more: he knew that very soon those men would be up in this place of the rock, and he must be quick to find somewhere a hide place that they would not see. He climbed over the wall from the dark corner that was back from the edge of the rock and shook Yazhe

gently by the arm. At first she would not wake up, and her little head wobbled on her shoulders like a gourd on a vine.

"Come, Yazhe!" he said in her ear. "We must go away. The men are coming to this place!" And when he said that she blinked her eyes and got up very uncertainly on her feet.

"Where will we go?" she asked then, and quickly her waking thoughts came back. "Where will we go if they come?"

"Quick, they are coming now!" Kawani could hear the men as they gathered about the lower part of that wall of rock. Their voices went high as they pointed up to it.

"But it is the nest place of eagles," cried one. "How could men climb to a place like that?"

"Ai," laughed another. "Maybe the men in those days had wings, but without them now, brother, we must go up."

Yazhe scrambled over the wall with the help of Kawani, and they crept back to that round-hole place that was deep in the shadows.

"But we cannot get back if we go down here," protested Yazhe. "We will take away the girdle thing, and then we cannot get back."

"I know," nodded Kawani, "but there is not another thing to do. And even here they will maybe find us."

Already the men were scrambling up that rocky wall, and there was not time to do anything but tumble into the black hole. It was very good that the slant was great and that the men made much noise with their climbing, for they would surely have heard if they had been silent. The little pole thing with the girdle of Yazhe fell into the hole the same moment they did and went bumping down the whole length of it, popping against the little legs and arms of Yazhe and bringing down many loose stones and dust. There was not time for fear thoughts: before any could come, the two of them were at the bottom of the slant place with sand and dust falling in on the top of them and the voices of the men all about them —from below and now also from above.

"Hi!" called one man who had reached the shelf place. "I like not this place. It is black and has the smell of evil things."

"Did you leave anything up there?" whispered Kawani, and Yazhe shook her head in the dark.

"I did not know it was in my hand," she whis-

pered back shakily, "but even the water bottle is here."

"That is good," said Kawani with a great relief in his voice. "Then they will not know that we have been there."

Many men were now above, and they could hear them climbing over the wall and looking into the little houses. And then they came to the top of the round-hole place.

"What is that place?" asked the voice of a man, and the answer made Yazhe and Kawani to jump, it came so boomingly down that hollow place.

"An oven, it must be," said that voice, "or a place for storing grain—but it is empty."

"Aouw! What is that?" cried another one. "All the rock is shaking!"

"*Quick!*" they shouted then. "The gods are angry that we come to a place like this! Look! It will fall down on us!" and then there was a great scrambling and shouting to get down.

"What is it?" cried Yazhe to Kawani, and she forgot to be quiet. "What is that noise and that shaking?" For there was a rumbling and a roaring that seemed to be all about them.

"It is thunder," said Kawani, but he himself was shaking a little bit as he said it. Somehow it seemed a very dreadful sound in the dark. "It is thunder, and we will have a storm. They are down now from the rock—those men—but we cannot go back, and we cannot get out of here, they are very close to us on the outside. And I think now we are like rats in that trap that Hah-ko talked about."

"It is dark," whispered Yazhe, "I cannot see if you are there."

Kawani grinned in the dark, and it was good that he could grin in a bad time like this.

"It does not matter if you cannot see me," he said. "Always you know that I am here. I would like it better, maybe, if you could see how I am *not* here!" and another booming crash of thunder drowned the sound of his voice.

"Hi!" shouted a voice from outside. "The very sky is falling—it is anger from the gods because of that Katchina of the Rains!"

"Maybe that is a true thing." Yazhe gave a little shiver. "Maybe that Katchina thing does not like it, to be with these people."

"The Katchina is not with those people!" said Kawani calmly. "It is right here in my arm, and

the storm is not an anger thing. You shall see how it is good. In a little while I will show you."

And Yazhe waited with a wide wonder thought on the inside of her to see what was that thing that he would do.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STORM

Another world is here to-day—
A world of silver mist and spray;
Where only voices of the rain
Call through the dusk—and call again!

BOOM!—BANG!" went the thunder of the storm, and Yazhe crowded close to Kawani and put her hand tight to her ears to keep the sound away, but she could not stop the trembling and shaking that was in the very rock under her feet and that went right up all through her. She had known many storms—they were a very common thing out on the desert in the time of rains—but a storm when she was on the home mesa and could sit tight and warm in her own familiar place was very different from a storm in this black hole place where even the flashes of lightning came as only pale gleams in the darkness. And the sound of the thunder coming down that narrow place was like the roar of some strange animal that tried to reach them. For a while the

men outside ran about wildly, gathering blankets and foodstuffs to put in the shelter place and finding bushes and rocks where they could tie their horses out of the storm. But now they were more quiet, as they had gathered close about that little house they had made; and they built a great fire and tried to keep as close together as they could, for now the rain came down, and there was not room in the shelter place for all of them. Harder and harder came the rain, and now it made more noise than the thunder, and Kawani had to talk very loud to make Yazhe hear. He was not afraid now that the men would hear any sound that he made, and he stepped outside of the rock place to look around.

"I think we could go now," he said to Yazhe. "If we ran off to this side they would not see us."

"But the horse is the other way," said Yazhe, "and we would get very wet."

"We will get wet," agreed Kawani, "but that does not matter, and we cannot get the horse. I think they will find him, for when he is hungry he will call, but we will have to go without him."

Yazhe put her arms close about herself as if she held tight to a little shawl, for already she was very cold.

"I will go," she said with a shiver. "Maybe we will find some place soon."

"You will not have a need for that water bottle," said Kawani. "All the world is a water bottle now," and he smiled a little bit again. Then he caught hold of the hand of Yazhe and pulled her out into the night.

She gave another shiver when she felt the cold rain close about her like an icy coat but there was not time now to think about the cold. Kawani gave one quick look to see which would be the best way to go, and then he ran for some mesquite bushes away from the rock, pulling Yazhe after him by the hand.

The Katchina was wrapped tight in the ceremonial blanket he had found in the shelter place, and he held it firmly under one arm where the rain would not reach it. He felt that this was a very precious thing that he was bringing back to his people. Not only did they believe that all good would come to their pueblo when it was there, but with this Katchina he could show them how the grandmother of Yazhe was *not* a witch one and had taken nothing.

The rain was coming down now so hard that they could see only a very little way in front of them, and two times they ran into bushes before they

The rain was coming down now so hard that they could see only a very little way in front of them

knew that they were there. There was no danger now of those men seeing them, the only danger was that they would get lost and that they might go in a direction away from the one they wanted to go. Their feet were very wet and made sloshy sounds with every step, and the stones were slippery to the touch. Many times Yazhe stumbled and almost fell and was very glad Kawani was there to pull her up again.

"Do you think we go in the way of that home mesa?" she asked one time, and she was panting as she asked it. Kawani shook his head doubtfully.

"We go away from those men," he said. "That is the thing that matters now. Listen, already someone comes!" and he pulled her down quickly behind a bush.

For a little Yazhe did not hear anything but the roar of the rain as it came down, but then after a moment she heard a noise that was different from the rain, and very close to their bush a black shadow that did not seem to have the shape of anything that she knew hesitated and did not seem to know the way to go. And just at that very moment Kawani stepped on a round stone that slipped in the mud, and he fell against Yazhe, and they both went down

against the big bush, making it to shake and shiver with the weight of them, and the shadow thing gave a cry like an animal that is chased and went slipping and stumbling into the storm until it was quickly out of sight again.

Yazhe watched it with a surprise in her eyes so great that she forgot to get up out of the mud.

"Why did he do that?" she asked Kawani who had jumped up and was looking too.

"He had a fear thing in him, maybe, like the one we had," said Kawani. "But look, here is a thing that he dropped," and he stooped forward and picked something from the mud.

It was the very same little skin of an animal that they had seen before when they were up in the cliff place, and on the inside were still the blue sky stones, bright and shining even in this pale light that was like the gray light before the dawn.

Kawani looked at the stones in silence for a moment, though his eyes were shining as they were, and then he said:

"I think maybe the Good Spirit says that these stones are for us. Look how He has given them two times to us when we have not tried to get them."

Yazhe nodded at his words, and a sudden excite-

ment came into her voice. "There were blue stones that were gone from our altar place—the men said that. Maybe these are the ones." She got up out of the mud. "And that one that ran was a thief one. Only thief ones run like that."

"Maybe it was Hah-ko," said Kawani. "Hah-ko would run if he did not think a little one came after him. It it was Hah-ko he has got away from those men, but he has no money now and no blue stones, and he cannot go back to the home mesa. Even the Yammays will have only anger thoughts for him. That is the thing that comes to those who are evil," and he put the little bag of blue stones where it would be safe on the inside of his shirt.

"I have a very great hunger," said Yazhe suddenly. "If we go fast maybe we will find a place where there is food."

But it seemed that all the world was made only of mesquite bushes and pinyon trees and great washes where the banks slid down when a foot was put on the very edge of them. One time Kawani slid down the side of a place like that, and there was water on the bottom of it like a great river from the rain, and when he went over the edge Yazhe did not know at the first what had happened to him. But he

scrambled out again and picked up the Katchina from the place where it had fallen on the sandy bank, and he was not wetter than he had been before, for that was not a possible thing.

"I think *never* will I want to drink water again," he said after that. "On the inside of me there is water up to the top, and on the outside I think I will never be dry again."

"Do you think maybe the sun has gone away to some other place?" asked Yazhe wistfully. "I will not say again how it is hot when the sun shines in the desert, and when my grandmother makes a stew in that big iron pot I will not stop eating it —not *ever* will I stop," and she smacked her little lips at the very thought of it, and Kawani made his belt tight and a look came into his face that said, "*Now* I will find that trail place!" and he started again through the sage that was heavy and pressed down with the rain.

Very gradually it was getting lighter now, and they could see a little better the way that they went, but the rain did not stop—not ever did it stop. Yazhe thought how it had rained for days and days, but only a little while had passed since the time that they had been up in the shelf place on that wall of rock.

"Slush—slush—slush!" went their feet through the mud, and "Br—rr—r-rroom!" went the rain for a very long time without any stop; and then there was a new sound that came to their ears.

"What is that?" asked Yazhe, and stopped suddenly. Kawani listened too, and then:

"It is water," he said. "I know that sound. It is very much water in a wash." And almost immediately they came to what looked to be a great river swishing and whirling and roaring along in a muddy flood. There were bushes and pieces of wood and even small trees in that torrent, and it was as wide as the length of three tall men.

Kawani looked at it and shook his head.

"We cannot cross over that place," he said. "We must follow the way it goes," and he frowned as he said it. "I do not know if our trail is on that other side or on this side. But look, there is a something down there!" and he began to run along the bank, looking down into the water; and Yazhe saw it too. It was a great bundle thing that the water was pulling and pushing along in its fierce strength. At first she thought that it was a bag of something, but then she saw an arm go out, and even above the roar of the water a cry came to her ears.

"It is a man!" she called to Kawani, and she began to run as he was running, along the top of the bank.

He tried to find a place where he could go down to the water and try to reach that thing that was being carried so quickly away.

Little red spots of excitement came into the cheeks of Yazhe, and she called out to Kawani again, "It is a living one! Hurry, or he will be gone!"

Kawani did not take the time to make an answer, but he was nearer the edge of the water now and a little ahead of the man—for he could see now that it was a man. He reached out with one arm and pulled the branch of a pinyon tree that grew over the bank to see if it was strong, and it was very strong; and he held tight to it and went down the rest of the bank and into the edge of the water, and reached far out with his other arm to grab the man as the water brought him near. But the rush of the current was too swift, and the man gave another loud cry as the hand of Kawani missed him, and he went quickly by, waving an arm helplessly in the air.

Kawani called out to Yazhe as he scrambled quickly up the bank:

"Do not come. You will maybe fall in the water. Do not come—go back from the bank! That Katchina is over there—it is under a bush. I will come back when I get him," and he ran slipping and sliding to another place on the bank where another tree grew closer down to the water. The wash made a big curve here so that he could reach the water before the man came past again.

Yazhe waited on the top of the bank where she could not see him and made little prayer thoughts for help in her mind. She felt very sure that Kawani would save that man, but she did not know how very hard it would be. This time he stood far out in the water that pulled at him like a living thing, and when the man came near he reached for him and caught him firmly with his fingers twisted in the wet cloth of his shirt. The man threw up his arms and grabbed hold of him and almost pulled him into the water. For a little Kawani did not know whether it would be a possible thing to get him up the bank or not. The water pulled at his legs, and the sand slipped away from under him every time he tried to take a step, and the man dragged on his arm with a great weight, but not once did he let go of that tree. And then the man pulled himself to the edge of

the water and himself got hold of the tree, and after that it was not so hard.

The hair of the man hung like a wet curtain in front of his face, and not until he had pushed it out of his eyes with one hand when he was hanging to the tree did Kawani see that it was Hah-ko. Almost he let go of the tree himself when he saw that, and at the very same moment Hah-ko saw that it was Kawani who had pulled him out of the water and a pale grin came to his face, but the face of Kawani did not make a grin in answer.

"Get up!" he said angrily. "Maybe if I had seen that it was you I would not have tried to get you out." But in his heart he knew better than that: if it had been a dog that he had seen he would have tried to save it.

Hah-ko was shivering with the cold and did not look to be the strong man he had been before, but he scrambled up the bank and threw himself down when he had reached the top.

"I fell in when it was very dark," he said in a husky voice, and then his eyes grew narrow and he looked cautiously about, and Kawani knew very well what was the thing for which he looked.

Yazhe came quickly then, and her eyes grew

round with a great surprise when she saw that it was Hah-ko who had been in the water. She stood looking at him but did not speak, and under her arm was the bundle that Kawani knew was the Katchina of the Rains.

Hah-ko got to his feet and shook the water out of his clothes as best he could.

"It is very shallow below this place," he said in a voice that pretended great indifference. "I waited only to get out in that shallow place"; but he looked at the bundle in the arm of Yazhe, and a gleam came into his eyes.

"You would *not* have got out," said Kawani fiercely. "I know how you would not have got out, and maybe it would have been a better thing."

"Have you food?" asked Hah-ko, but he did not ask it of Kawani, he asked it of Yazhe and looked again at the bundle that she carried; and now the grin on his face was plainer than before, and Yazhe stepped quickly to the side of Kawani.

"I think we will go now," she said in a very low voice, and Hah-ko threw up his head and laughed.

"You will go faster if you will not carry this thing," he said, and he leaned toward her to make a grab for the bundle that she held; but Kawani

struck at his arm fiercely, and Hah-ko missed the bundle and stumbled forward a little. Then he turned to Kawani with a look of rage in his face.

"Not another time will you do that," he cried. "That is my Katchina, and not another time will you take it away from me. It is mine—do you hear that?" and he tried to reach him with his hands, but the ground was soft, and the rain blinded him, and he could not do as he wished to do.

Yazhe drew back from them both and stood in the shelter of a big bush with a look of terror in her eyes. But Kawani was not afraid, and he stepped swiftly out of the reach of Hah-ko each time that he struck at him. It was plain that Hah-ko was weakened by the time that he had been in the water, but still he was very much larger and stronger than Kawani, and Yazhe could not tell what would happen. Neither was it a thing that Kawani could know, but he did not think of that: he thought only how he could strike Hah-ko with his fists and make him see how he was strong and could protect the things that were his. For a little while they fought there in the rain, and then a thought came to Kawani.

"Go!" he called to Yazhe. "I will come after. Run and meet that one that you know!" He tried

to show her the meaning that was in his mind, but he could not stand still for one moment, and he could not look away from Hah-ko, so Yazhe looked at him for a moment with a wonder in her mind what could be the meaning of his words, and then she thought that she knew, and turned slowly away to find the trail again.

But this was a thing that she did not want to do, to leave Kawani here with that man. She could hide in a place of rocks where Hah-ko could not find her, and she looked quickly for a place that would be good, but she saw another thing that made a sudden excitement jump on the inside of her. It was a big stick that had been broken from some tree by the storm, and it looked to be very strong. She put the Katchina bundle under a big bush of sage where no one would guess that it was there, and then her hands trembled a little with a half fear thought of the thing that she would do.

The stick was very heavy with rain and mud, and she dragged it back to where Hah-ko was still striking at Kawani, and Kawani was slipping away from him and dodging the angry lunges of his fists as if it were a game that he played, but a game that was not for fun. They did not look to see the thing

that she did, and Yazhe waited only until she saw that Hah-ko was ready to spring forward and make a grab for the shoulder of Kawani, and then she pushed her big stick quickly in between his feet, and Hah-ko did what she had hoped he would do—he tripped heavily and fell forward. And then came the thing that they did not any of them expect. They had been fighting on the very edge of that wash, and Hah-ko went over the top of it, and with a yell that could be heard above all the thunder of the storm he went rolling and plunging down the sandy bank and splashed heavily into the water again!

Kawani and Yazhe stood still on the top of the bank and watched him for a moment—they felt that they could not move; and then they saw that they would not have to move—not to do a thing for Hah-ko! For on the other side of that rushing water, a little way below the place where they stood, a tree had fallen into the stream, its great roots loosened by the fall of much water, and it lay almost half the way across, with branches that reached out like arms in every direction. And Hah-ko was whirled straight into the branches of that tree, and as they watched him he climbed up out of the water like a

rat that was almost drowned, and he looked over toward the side where they were standing. Kawani was very glad that all the wash with that great flood of rushing water was in between them, for the look in the eyes of Hah-ko was not a good look, and it made a little shiver to come in him to see it. And then the look in the eyes of Hah-ko went suddenly to another place, and Yazhe caught hold of the arm of Kawani with tight little fingers.

"What is that noise?" she asked, and he heard it too.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TRAIL THAT LED BACKWARD

The wind is the voice of things that cannot talk,
And sunshine smiles for all the out of doors!

THE sound was the voice of a man singing. And Yazhe and Kawani opened wide their eyes when they heard it. Hah-ko, from the other side of the wash, looked up only once to see who it was that came, and then like a shadow he was gone into the bushes and the rain.

"It is maybe a man of the Yammays who comes," said Kawani, and he looked quickly to see if there was a place where they could hide. But Yazhe gave a little laugh of a great relief.

"That is not a man of the Yammays," she said, and she almost danced as she said it. "Listen to that song that he sings. I know that song, and I know the one that sings," and for a moment they both listened in silence.

"HI YO—HI YO—HI YO!
Up—up—with the wind!

Up—up—with the cloud!
Up—up—with the sun!
Over them all—
In the sky—
Little Hawk fly!
Over them all—
Little Hawk fly!"

There was a rumble of wheels now that splashed and slipped on a rocky trail.

"It is Mah-pee-ti!" cried Yazhe and ran blindly through the rain to meet him.

"Hi!" cried the old man when he saw her, and he pulled back his horses with a jerk. "Who is this? Look like water witch out of the rain! How you come here? Everywhere my sister look and look and not find you anywhere. Where you go? Where you come from now?" and then he caught sight of Kawani, and he threw back his head and laughed. "Look like you two almost drowned," he said. "Here, climb in this wagon and we go somewhere," and without waiting for another word the two children climbed in the back of his wagon.

It was as wet there as it was anywhere else, and the smell was not very good—of old skins and leather—but they did not mind that, they did not mind anything at all, for now they would go somewhere

where there would be food and a fire, maybe, and warm things and no rain. To Yazhe it seemed that always and always it had rained, and on the inside of her there was a big emptiness, but now it would be different—the very look in the face of Mah-pee-ti said that it would be different—and a little song thing began to grow in her heart. What did the rain matter now when they would soon be out of it, and what did it matter if she was cold? Inside of her already the warm had begun to come. And then Kawani called to Mah-pee-ti.

"Did you see any men of the Yammays on that trail that you have come?"

But old Mah-pee-ti shook his head.

"Only rain I have seen," he said. "Since I left that hogan of my sister there is nothing but rain. I think soon if it does not stop we will all swim like little fishes. But now we are near to that place where we go, soon we will be there—and in that place there is not rain."

"Have you a little cake?" asked Yazhe wistfully. "On the inside of me is very empty."

"Ai!" answered Mah-pee-ti. "In a little now—in a very little I will give to you more than a cake. Look how we are almost there," and his eyes searched

The very look in the face of Mah-pee-ti said that it would be different

some high rocks that were near to the side of the trail. Then he pulled his horses sharply to one side, and they came to a stop by a tall wall of rock that had many bushes at the lower part. "We are here," he said in a happy voice, and the two children climbed down out of the wagon and looked wonderingly for the hogan they thought to see there.

But there was no hogan or any sign of any place at all where people could live or have a fire. But the old man looked at them with twinkly eyes, and a chuckle sound came in his throat.

"Come," he said, and led them straight to the wall of rock and around a little corner of it, and there a great black hole yawned in the rocky wall. And he pushed a way through some bushes and went straight into that hole. "Here is the place," he said quietly, "and in a little we will eat. But first we must make it to be warm." And almost as quickly as he had said the words he had made a little fire—for everything was ready waiting, and Kawani and Yazhe saw much wood piled up far back where no rain or even dampness had reached it. They saw other things too—an iron pot, and pottery jars, and blankets rolled tight and hung by thongs to pegs driven in cracks in the rock, and then—"Wait!"

said old Mah-pee-ti, and he ran out to the wagon and brought in things that had been under the seat place. And when Yazhe saw those things a shine came to her eyes, and she smacked her lips at the thought of what would soon be ready.

The old man spread blankets on the floor and hung one at the doorway of the cave place where there were peg-things to hold it. It was very plain to see that he had used this place many times for a home place, and very quickly it grew to have a cosy look, with the fire blazing up after a little and painting the rocky walls with rosy colors. And then there came little steaming puffs from the clothes of Yazhe and Kawani, and the cold feeling went altogether away.

And then there was a pot in the glowing embers of the fire, and when it began to bubble and steam and fill all the cave place with a good smell of things cooking, Yazhe forgot to wish that she was back on that home mesa, and she forgot the rain that was still swishing outside, and her grandmother who maybe wandered somewhere in that rain; and the look in her eyes was exactly like the look in the eyes of Kawani. When old Mah-pee-ti saw that look he laughed aloud with a little chuckly laugh that made the wrinkles roll thick around his eyes and around

his mouth, and a laugh feeling came all through Yazhe to hear it. Then in a great haste he filled up little pottery bowls with that good-smelling stuff from the big iron pot, and brought piki bread from somewhere and gave it to them both.

"Ai," he said, "I know very well when I see it, that look that comes from an emptiness on the inside. Eat this and then some more when this is gone. And after that I will hear all the things that have happened to the both of you—and maybe I, too, have a tale to tell."

And Yazhe and Kawani brought the little bowls close up to their lips, where they could blow the greatest heat away, and did not wait then to be told anything else to do. And for awhile there were only very little sounds in that cave place—the laugh sounds that the fire made as it ate up the little sticks fed it by the old man, and the sounds made by those who like food very much and do not care who knows it.

Mah-pee-ti was the first to finish, and when he had laid aside his bowl he made cigarettes for himself and leaned back against the warm rock of the cave place and smoked in a great content.

Yazhe was the next to lay down her little bowl,

and she looked at it and sighed as she did so. There was still some stew left in it, and more in the iron pot, but she could not swallow another drop. Kawani grinned as he looked at her.

"In a little you can eat some more," he said. "No one will take it away," and she smiled back at him and was glad he had said it.

"Now," said Mah-pee-ti, "we will have that tale of what you have done. And look how it has stopped, that raining." He got up and pulled the blanket away from the door place, and when he did it both children gave a little cry and put their hands over their eyes, for the sun was shining outside, and the light was very sudden and great. Yazhe jumped to her feet.

"It is like a dream thing!" she cried. "Oh, how good is the sun! I do not want ever to see rain again!"

"Rain is very good," said old Mah-pee-ti gently. "Now the springs will be full, and you will see how the corn in the fields will grow."

Kawani moved suddenly, as if a thing had struck him, and the color went out of his face.

"Where is that Katchina?" he asked sharply of Yazhe. "Altogether I forgot about that Katchina. I do not see it here. Where is it?"

Yazhe looked back at him with the same look

that was in his own face. She gave a little gasp for breath.

"I left it," she said slowly, "when I got that stick. I think I know where is the place, but it is very far back."

Old Mah-pee-ti had not heard what they said, he was looking intently at something outside in the sage, and now he moved suddenly and spoke.

"There are men who come," he said. "I think they are men of the Yammays. They have the look of those who search for a thing."

Kawani looked quickly about him, but there was no place to hide. He stood in front of Yazhe and waited for them to come, and the look in his face was the look of a man. The men of the Yammays had seen first the horses and wagon, and now they came quickly to the cave place, and their eyes went quickly from Mah-pee-ti to Kawani and then to Yazhe, and then they looked around the inside of the cave, as if they thought to see another one there.

"Why do you come?" asked old Mah-pee-ti with dignity. "This is my place, and we have not asked you to come." Always those of the mesa have been enemies of the Yammays, and one is not welcome where the other makes his fire.

"We come only to find a thief," spoke one of the Yammays. "He has come this way, and he is of your people."

"Hah-ko is of the mesa, but not any more is he of our people," spoke Kawani hotly, and Mah-pee-ti looked at him with surprise.

"Why do you speak of Hah-ko?" he asked. "And why do you say those words?" But Kawani did not answer him: he was looking at the man of the Yammays, and the man was looking at him with a strange look in the eyes.

"I did not say the name of Hah-ko," said the man, "and it is strange that you know the one that I mean. How is it that you know that?" And now Kawani did not know what to answer. He was afraid to say that he had been in the cliff place, and what other thing could he say? The man was still watching him, and Kawani had a feeling that he could read the thoughts that were in his mind.

"If you know that it is Hah-ko for whom we look," said the man in a very even voice, "maybe you know also where it is that we can find that Katchina of the Rains?" and little flashes like fire came into his eyes.

Kawani flushed red in the face, and he answered

quickly. He was glad now that he could say it with truth.

"I do not know where is that Katchina of the Rains."

"And if you did know," went on the man softly, "would you tell it to me?"

Mah-pee-ti was looking with eyes big with astonishment at them all.

"What is this talk of the Katchina of the Rains?" he asked harshly. "That Katchina is on the altar place of the kiva, where always it has been. And why do men of the Yammays ask of our Katchina? There is much here that I do not understand."

"Maybe so," answered the man of the Yammays. "Maybe these are things that you do not understand, but I think that this boy understands very well. I think he knows the thing that I mean, and I think he will show me in a very little while where is that Katchina of the Rains."

"I will *not* show you!" answered Kawani hotly, and then, as the eyes of the man narrowed at his words, he added quickly, "I have told you how I do not know where it is."

"First we will look here," said the man, and he did not pay attention to the protests of old Mah-pee-

ti only to say, "We will not take what is yours, old man. If we do not find that thing for which we look we will take nothing." And he made a man stand by Mah-pee-ti so that he would let them look where they would, and in a very little while they had seen everything in the cave place and knew that the Katchina was not there; and then they looked in the wagon and in rocky places near to the cave, but not anything at all could they find. There was a frown on the face of the man when he came back to Kawani, and he spoke in a voice almost of anger.

"Has Hah-ko been here in this place?" he asked, and Kawani answered quickly:

"Hah-ko has not been here. Hah-ko is an evil one, and I have hope that he has gone very far from here."

The man looked at him in silence for a moment then, and his eyes were like black lines in his face.

"What is it that you know about Hah-ko?" he asked. "Why do you say that he is evil?"

"He has said how my grandmother is a witch woman," said Yazhe quickly. It was the first time she had spoken, and the man looked at her almost with a smile on his face.

"Why did he say that, little one?" he asked kindly,

and Kawani frowned. He did not know what Yazhe would say, and he did not want the man to ask questions of her.

"He said that she had taken——" Yazhe stopped and looked at Kawani. Maybe she should not say that thing, but already the man knew what she would say.

"Ai," he said, "but all of them say that the other one has taken that Katchina of the Rains. You say it was Hah-ko, is that not so?—and Hah-ko says a boy has taken it, and I think that boy is you; and now—" he laughed a little bit—"maybe we will find out. You will come—all of you—back to where my chief one will make talk. Maybe he will know what to do."

"But we do not want to go with you!" cried Yazhe. "We want to go back to that mesa."

"And me, I will not go!" said old Mah-pee-ti with dignity, but the man laughed at them all.

"You will go," he said, and he told three of his men how to take each one of them on the back of his horse with him. The protests of Mah-pee-ti did not matter, nor the words of Yazhe, nor the frowns of Kawani, for the men were strong and many, and in a little while they were riding, all of them, back over

that very trail they had come so short a while before. But this time they were going the wrong way, and it did not matter to Yazhe that now the sun was shining its very shiniest, and the leaves of the trees shook sparkly drops down on them as they passed, and little white clouds went racing dizzily across the sky; and it did not matter that on her little inside there was a very comfortable feeling of fullness—not anything mattered at all but that they were going farther and farther away from that home mesa. And Kawani frowned at the man who had brought them, and old Mah-pee-ti grumbled and grunted at every thump of the horse's feet.

But that did not keep them from going, and—"Splash—splash—splash!" went the horses through the little pools left by the rain, and farther and farther they went away from that home mesa.

CHAPTER XV

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

All the world goes flying past
When I ride;
Sky and sand and little trees,
Rocks and sage and summer breeze,
Sun and shade and whirling leaves—
And more beside.

THE men of the Yammays sang as they rode along. For them the world was a very good place now that the rain had gone, and they liked the splashing of the horse's feet and the swish of wet tree branches as they passed, and the fresh green look of the sage; and they liked the puffy white clouds that sailed over the tops of buttes brilliant with sunshine, and the little animals that came eagerly out of burrows and rocks everywhere to see whether this was a new world or the very same one that they had known before the storm. And in a little while the frown-look went away from the face of Kawani and the fear thoughts from Yazhe, and old Mah-pee-ti did not grumble any more. It was a very hard thing to have grumbly thoughts when all the

world was shining and sparkling and smiling and even the horse's feet made noises like a drum that beats for dancing. Maybe these Yammays were not evil ones, and Kawani watched them with a thought in his eyes. Very much they seemed like the men of his own people. And maybe in their home place they had women waiting for them—women who stirred the pots and sang at the grinding as did the women that he knew—and little children who stood by and watched and laughed at little things. Maybe all people were like that. And Kawani let his eyes grow big in wonder at that thought—maybe all people, even if they were enemies and far away, had thoughts of home places and the little things of every day. Even if they were evil, the evil was not there for always and could be laid aside for other things.

The man of the Yammays who had talked to him in the cave place was watching Kawani with a look in the face that said many things. It may be that he could tell much that was in the mind of the boy—that was a thing very plain to be seen in his face—but if so he did not talk of it. Very suddenly a thought seemed to come into his mind, and he pulled back his horse and made them all to stop on the trail, and then he turned back to where Mah-pee-

ti sat with a man in the front of him on the horse, and he spoke to him harshly.

"Get down!" he said, and Mah-pee-ti, with a wonder in his eyes, got down from his horse and stood in the trail. "And you—" he spoke to Yazhe—"get down by that old man"; and she slid off the back of the horse like a little bundle of corn and stood close to Mah-pee-ti, looking up at the man. "Maybe I do a thing that is not good," he said. "I do not know. But I will not take a little one and an old man back to that place where I go. I know how you have not that Katchina of the Rains, but I think this boy knows the place where it is, and him I will take."

"I will go if he goes," said Yazhe quickly. "I will go *any* place that he goes!"

"No," said Kawani, "it is better that you go back as this man has said. Very soon he will know that I have not that Katchina—" he hesitated and looked at Yazhe uncertainly when he said that—"and maybe he will let me to go then, too."

"Go, now!" said the man again to Mah-pee-ti. "It is not far that you will have to walk back to that wagon and those horses. Go, and take that little one back to the home place. This one will go with me."

Old Mah-pee-ti stood uncertainly.

"This is a thing I do not understand," he said, "this talk of Katchina and of thieves. It is a thing I do not like, and now I do not know if you tell me a right thing to do."

Kawani too was greatly troubled. He knew that if Yazhe went back he would not know where to find that Katchina, but now it would do no good to find it. He would rather it was lost for always than on the altar place of an enemy people, and Yazhe would be safe with old Mah-pee-ti on the trail back to the mesa.

And then the man of the Yammays spoke once more, and he looked keenly at Kawani as he spoke:

"One thing—only one thing I will ask now, and be very careful how it is that you answer, for I will know if you tell true. Did this Hah-ko take that Katchina away to the place where he has gone?"

Kawani hesitated and looked down at the back of the man in front of him on the horse, and the man who who had spoken laughed quickly and made his horse to go slowly forward again.

"It is well," he said. "You have answered very well, and now we will go," and he made a sign for the others to move on.

Mah-pee-ti and Yazhe stood very still on the trail,

and Kawani looked after them as far as he could see. He did not know why the man had done this thing, and he did not know what would happen now, and it gave him a feeling of trouble that he did not like. He saw that Yazhe took the hand of Mah-pee-ti, and they walked slowly back on that trail toward the place where maybe the little fire still burned in the cave of rocks.

After a little the men began to sing again as they rode, and everything was as it had been before, only Yazhe was not here, and it was strange without her.

They passed the place by the deep wash where Hah-ko had fought with him, and Kawani looked keenly in many places to see if he could find the Katchina of the Rains, but Yazhe had hidden it very well under the big bush, and he could not see it. A little he was sorry for that and a little he was glad, for if it was easy for him to see it would be easily found by the men of the Yammays, and that was a thing he did not want.

Then they came again to the place of ruined houses, and the men who were there looked at him curiously as he rode up, sitting behind the other man on the horse. And the chief one asked many questions of him and frowned at the answers that he gave, and then

he called to a man and spoke to him in a low voice that Kawani could not hear, and the man went away and came quickly again with the horse that had been hidden near the high cliff place. The chief one looked sharply at Kawani when the horse was brought close to him—they were standing, all of them now, in front of the shelter house that had been built for the Katchina of the Rains.

"This horse was found tied to a bush," said the chief one suddenly. "It is not the horse of Hah-ko—we have that one. Is this your horse?"

Kawani did not hesitate this time, for it was a true thing that he said—the horse was of the man who made the medicine hogan in the desert.

"That is not my horse," he said, and his voice was strong and clear.

The chief one frowned.

"Hah-ko has said that a boy took that Katchina of the Rains—are you that boy?"

A red came into the cheeks of Kawani then; he could not help that, and he could not make his tongue to answer the words of the chief one. It made him angry, a little, but that was not a thing that helped either. The chief one was watching him, and his look grew dark.

"Where is that Katchina?" he asked, and Kawani did not like the tone that was in his voice. It was a tone that said very plainly that evil would come if he was not given the answer to this thing.

"I have said how I do not know," answered Kawani, "and that is all that I can say."

"Who is it that knows?" asked the chief one then, and when he said that a sharp fear thought came into the heart of Kawani—not ever must this man know that Yazhe was the one who could answer these things.

"It is lost," he said evenly, then. "I cannot tell you how it is, but I tell you true—it is lost." There was a murmur of surprise among all the men at his words.

"How do you know that it is lost?" asked the chief one then. "How is it that you know so much? I think some things that you say are lie things. I think this is your horse, and I think it is you who have taken that Katchina. If you will not talk now, maybe we can find a way that will make you to talk. We know many things that can loosen the tongue. Look, you—" and he made a motion of his hand for the one who had ridden on the trail to come close—"tie this one up and see that he is tied better than

that Hah-ko was tied. This one must not get away. And give him nothing to eat and nothing to drink—not one drop of water or food until the time that I tell you to bring him again. We will see then if he will talk." And the man caught hold of Kawani and pulled him roughly away.

He tied him with thongs, his arms and his legs, so that he could move nothing but his head, and then he took him to a place in the rocks where he could sit down, and the man who had done it (Kawani heard that his name was Clay-toh) sat down on another rock close by so that he could do nothing without being seen. But nothing was put in his mouth so that if he wanted to talk he could do so.

They sat for a long time in silence, and then Clay-toh said to him:

"I will send another man to watch now, but when it is dark I will come again. Things maybe happen when it is dark."

Kawani wondered at the meaning of his words. What could happen here now? He could not move at all, and if they would not feed him he would grow weak and die. That was all that could happen. But it was strange that when Clay-toh had said those words an excitement began to grow in him and little voices

seemed to whisper that maybe a thing *would* happen!

Another man came and took the place of Clay-toh, and this one did not speak at all, nor did he sit down, but walked back and forth in front of Kawani until his eyes grew dizzy with the watching of him.

The day seemed very long, and Kawani was glad when at last he saw the high cliff place turn to rosy pink; and then the shadows crept into the lower places, and the sky drew veil after veil over its shining blue until it softened into misty lavender, and the little star brothers came out and smiled down at him, and he knew it was night. He was hungry and lonely, and the night shadows brought a breath that was very cold, and he could not move to send the blood racing through his veins as always he had done before, but he threw back his head, and his eyes answered the smile look of the little star brothers. If these Yammays would make him to die he would show them how even the boys from the mesa could die like men.

It had been night a very long time when Clay-toh came again, and the other man was glad to go and join his companions about the fire that Kawani could smell and hear but could not see. Clay-toh was silent as the other had been for a while, but Kawani saw

suddenly that his silence was that of listening. Why did he listen, and for what? And as he thought that, Clay-toh spoke to him in a whisper so low that almost at first he thought it was a thing that he had heard in his mind.

"Listen, boy of the stone-house people," said Clay-toh, "and do not make sound while I speak. I think you speak true about that Katchina thing, and me—I am glad it is gone. Look how storm came when we touch it. Maybe if we take it home to our people more harm than that will come. But I talk about another thing. One is on that mesa——" He faltered when he said that, but then went on: "Tell to that one that Clay-toh is not evil. She says all Yammays are evil. Tell to her that is not true. I have let little one go back and old man, and now I let you go back." He slipped a knife under the thongs as he said that, and Kawani almost cried out as he felt them loosen on his arms and legs.

"Look!" whispered Clay-toh again. "I bring the horse—I do not know if he is your horse, but when you go where no one can hear, ride fast! Ride very fast—for they come after you, I cannot help that. And they will come soon. The chief one tells me he

comes to talk to you soon. Remember—this is her name," and he whispered a name to Kawani. "Do not talk now—go!" and he pushed him toward the horse and urged him up to his back. "Go very easy while you are close. I brought you to this place behind the rocks so that no one could see. Maybe before many days I too come riding to that mesa—maybe so"; and then he was back in the shadows, and Kawani was going forward very slowly, picking his way where he thought there were no rocks. He whispered in the ear of the horse to go with great care and the horse seemed to understand, for he lifted his feet gently and placed them only on the softest earth. And then, after a little, they were far enough away to go more quickly, and Kawani, with a fast-beating heart, lifted his arms and pressed his knees tight into the sides of the little horse, and they flew like the wind over the trail. Even though it was dark, Kawani now knew this place very well, and the horse seemed to know it and to know that he was going back in the direction of home. He held his head high and sniffed the cool night air with a joy that was very plain to see.

On and on they rode, and Kawani turned his head

every little while to hear if there was any sound of those who might be following. One time he seemed to hear a noise of horse's hoofs on rock and when he heard that he went faster. He would not let them catch him again—not another time would there be a Clay-toh to help him away. He forgot now that he was hungry. The very air of the night was food and drink, and maybe if he went very fast he could catch up with that wagon of Mah-pee-ti. But, no, he laughed as he thought of that. If the wagon of Mah-pee-ti went slow like that the Yammays could catch it too, and he must go faster than they could go. And just at that very moment that he was thinking this, his horse went high in the air and stood up on his hind legs and swerved so swiftly to one side that Kawani almost went flying from his back. There was a something on the trail. A small something that threw up its arms and cried out as he passed, and Kawani, with an amazement in his heart that was almost beyond believing, pulled back his horse and stopped when he heard that cry.

Then he turned around and went back on the trail to that place where the thing had been, but now there was nothing—only a silence that was very great. There were big bushes of sage and mesquite that came

close to the trail and great rocks standing shadowy everywhere, but nothing that moved—except far away now he could hear clearly horses that came pounding on the trail!

"*Yazhe!*" he cried, and almost he was afraid of the sound of his own voice; but surely he could not have been mistaken—surely no one but Yazhe could have cried out like that. "*Yazhe*, it is Kawani!" and more quickly than the echo of his own voice could come back came another little cry and a small shadow moved out from behind a great bush.

"*Oh!*" said that shadow. "How I am glad that it is you. I thought——"

"Do not talk now," said Kawani breathlessly. "Come!" and he reached down and caught hold of her hand and pulled her up on the horse behind him. Even as he pulled her up he noticed that she could not give him both hands, for in one she carried a bundle that was wrapped in a blanket.

"It is the Yammays!" he called over his shoulder. "They come now." And she caught tight hold of the loose of his girdle in the back and they went flying over that trail as if they rode on wings instead of on the back of a horse. And in the heart of Yazhe there came a song—a happy song—for now she was back

with Kawani, and everything would be well. And the hoofs of the horse said in words that she could plainly hear:

"Fast—very fast
We go—we go,
And safe—very safe
We be—we be!
Kawani is here—
Home place near—
And no one ever catch me!"

CHAPTER XVI

THE WITCH WOMAN

When the sun comes up on a world of gold
And the shadows fly away,
Then gone are the dark and the mist and the cold,
Like a song that is sung or a tale that is told,
And the world is filled with the golden sway
And the glorious gleam of a brand-new day!

"HOW—have you—come here?" cried Kawani, and the going of the horse made the words to jump out of him like little things that are popped out. "How are—you—not there—where Mah-pee-ti is?"

"I have run away!" said Yazhe, and she said it very complacently. "I have run away when he did not look. I told you how I would go where you go, and besides—you did not know where was that Katchina."

"That Katchina does not matter—like you matter," said Kawani. "It is not good for you to come—like that. Maybe you would get lost."

"But I did not get lost," said Yazhe, "and now it is good. Not any bad has come, and not any bad will come—and I have here that Katchina." She spoke in

the voice of one who knows how she has done a very good thing. "I told you I like much to do things," and in the dark the face of Kawani went into a big grin from one ear to the other one. Not ever had he known a one to talk like this—not even a big one; and not ever had he known a one who would do what she had done. And it made him to forget the danger she had been in and a happy feeling come in its place; but the grin went away when he heard those horses' feet that did not stop coming—back there on the trail. Yazhe heard them too and came a little closer to him on the horse.

"Do they try to get you?" she asked in a low voice, and he nodded in the darkness. "Maybe we could hide in a place. When it is dark they could not see," and he wondered that he had not thought of that thing himself. They must find a place quickly—very quickly, for those sounds came always closer—and there was not time to choose.

He turned the horse sharply into the thickest shadow that he could see—mesquite and rocks and jack oaks growing all together, and both Yazhe and himself were almost scraped off the back of the horse as they squeezed into the thick growth and stopped where the darkness was the blackest. And then they

held their breath, and Kawani put a hand warningly down on the neck of the horse, and they waited for those galloping sounds to come nearer.

Nearer and nearer they came, and now they were in that trail in the very front of where the two children held their breath and watched to see if they would stop. But they did not stop. They went on past that place, and on and on, until the sound that they made was lost in the little sounds that are of the night and the sage.

"Two, they were," said Kawani softly, and he made the horse to go out again into the trail, "only two. And now, if we go fast, maybe they will turn around and we will meet them in the trail."

"Are *women* of those Yammay people?" asked Yazhe in a very small voice, and Kawani answered her in a great surprise:

"There are women in the home place, maybe—always there are women. Why do you ask that thing?"

"Those ones that were on the horses were women," said Yazhe soberly. "I saw very plainly how they were women."

Kawani was silent for a moment.

"I think you have the eyes like a cat," he said

then. "I could not see how they were women—but if that is a true thing——"

"I think——" and there was excitement now in the voice of Yazhe. "Make the horse to go fast, Kawani. I think how, maybe, it was that grandmother who rode in the trail!"

And Kawani gave a little kick to the horse. He was angry on the inside of himself that he had hidden in the bushes. It would have been an easy thing to make his horse go very fast and stay ahead of anyone that might come—*now* it seemed that it would have been an easy thing—and it was bad if he had hidden away from old women. He gave another kick to the horse, and this was a harder one, and now they were flying like the wind down the trail. Yazhe held tight to his waist, and she could not speak for the wind took away the words that she tried to say.

The shadows were not so dark now, and she noticed suddenly that the sky grew pale with dawn. And then there were the little smells that come very early before the father sun drives them underground—the smells of fresh damp earth and growing things. And *then*—clear and plain on the morning air came the *home smell*, and Yazhe cried out when she smelled it.

"Go *fast*, Kawani!" she cried. "Look how we are almost there!"

But not yet were they there: it was only that this was the home desert and all the smells were those of things they knew. Now the daylight came quickly, and the sun sparkled on the sage and rocks and little washes, and there, very close at hand, was the mesa that made their hearts to dance with happiness just to see it! And on the trail, riding a little way ahead of them, two old women went not quite so fast as they went, and they could see that in a very little while they would catch up with them.

"It *is* that grandmother!" cried Yazhe with a little shout. "See, how it *is* that grandmother. And look how she comes back to show them that she is *not* a witch woman!"

"You have a thing that will show them better," laughed Kawani.

It was easy to laugh now, with all things that went well. And it was very much easier to laugh when they came to that grandmother in a little while, and she cried out to them in surprise, and the one that was with her gave a shrill, high call of welcome.

"It is the wise one!" laughed Yazhe in a great excitement. "It is that one of the bones!"

"Ai!" said the grandmother. "But why have you come? Look how I have come back. Not many days did I go—but this one—" and she made a little grab for the other woman who rode close beside her now —"this one went always from one place to another one, and I followed where she went. That is why I am not back the sooner."

"But why did you go?" cried Kawani. "They have said—those people on the mesa have said many things, and you did not come to tell them that they were not true things."

"Why should I do that?" The voice of the old woman was shrill, and there was a laugh in her eyes. "I go where I like. Look how I am strong. But this time I go for a very good thing—" and she smiled until there was no place in her face that was not wrinkles—"I go for *her*," and she pointed to the wise old one, who smiled back at her.

"But why do you go for her?" and Kawani frowned with a deep puzzlement. "That is a thing I do not understand." And Yazhe, too, nodded and leaned forward to hear what the grandmother would say. Always she loved this grandmother, and now there was a happy place in her heart to see her again.

"It is for that baby of Saiya," said the grand-

mother, and when she said that Yazhe gave a quick little jump. That was strange. It was because of that baby of Saiya that those people made witch talk, and now—

"It is that baby of Saiya," went on the grandmother. "That baby cries always, and I have a sorry feeling that it should cry. I think I know what make it cry. It is a bone in the back—I have felt how it is there—a bone that is not right, and this one—" again she made a grab for the woman beside her—"this one fix bones. I know how always she can do that—and then that baby will not cry. That is why I go away." And when she said that both old women laughed as if she had said a very funny thing.

And Kawani laughed because of the very great relief that had come to his mind with her words, and Yazhe laughed because now she had found that grandmother again and because she could smell how someone cooked good things up on that mesa top and a something told her that in a very little while she would taste those good things!

And *never* had there been such excitement in that pueblo as when the four of them reached the top of the trail!

From everywhere came people running! Old men

and young ones and women and children, and at the first they did not know what to say to that grandmother. But in a little while they knew. When the old wise woman had made that bone place right in the little baby of Saiya and it did not cry any more, the mother knew very well what to say to that grandmother. And when Kawani had told about Hah-ko and gave back to them the Katchina of the Rains and the bag of blue stones which were the very ones that had been taken from the altar place—then they did not have any more talk of witch woman, and they were sorry that they had ever said it. And they gave to the grandmother of Yazhe many gifts, and after that she was the grandmother not only to Yazhe but to everyone in all that town!

And then—the little inside voice that had said to Yazhe that she should eat of those good things spoke true—for a very great feast was made. Just as quickly as all the women could run back to their home places and bring all the good things that were there they spread them out on a blanket place in the sun, and all the pots were set to bubbling, and all the little girls sent down to the spring for water—all but Yazhe, who was given the very best place at the

From everywhere came people running!

feast blanket!—and there were rabbit stew, and goat stew, and the roasted meat of bear and sheep, and corn and beans and squash and peppers, and many fruits and nuts, and piki bread and little cakes—and many other things! Yazhe did not know how many good things there were—she ate and ate—until she forgot that ever she had had a hungry place, and Kawani looked at her and grinned, and ate even more than she did!

And then, while they were eating, his mother threw up her arms and cried out:

"Ai, but I forgot that thing! A man came to this place and brought three sheep—and for Yazhe there was a donkey. Why is that?"

Kawani jumped to his feet.

"That is a thing I had forgotten," he said. "They are my sheep. I bought them with green stone that I found—and now I will be a sheep boy and will get many more."

The old medicine man who had heard his words nodded quickly.

"With those blue stones that I shall give to you, you may buy many more sheep—I will give to you blue stones for what you have brought back. And to Yazhe I will give more blue stones, for she has

brought back the greatest good thing that ever has come to our pueblo."

"I know what is that good thing," cried Yazhe, and her eyes sparkled like sunlight that dances on water. "It is that grandmother. If we did not go to get that grandmother, never would we have found the Katchina, and if she had not come, always that baby of Saiya would cry."

"Yes," nodded the medicine man smiling. "It is good that that grandmother has come back," and he laughed as he said it, "and we have found that the magic she makes is not bad magic—it is very good magic—and I think—" he gave a pinch to the cheek of Yazhe—"I think another good thing that has come is a one who makes a magic that is also good. Hi!" His voice went loud when he said that. "Maybe if I say very much talk about the magic that you make, maybe they will say that *you* are that witch woman!"

And there was a great laugh at that—even Kawani laughed!